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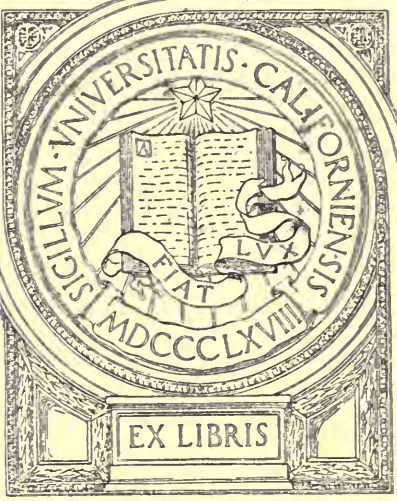

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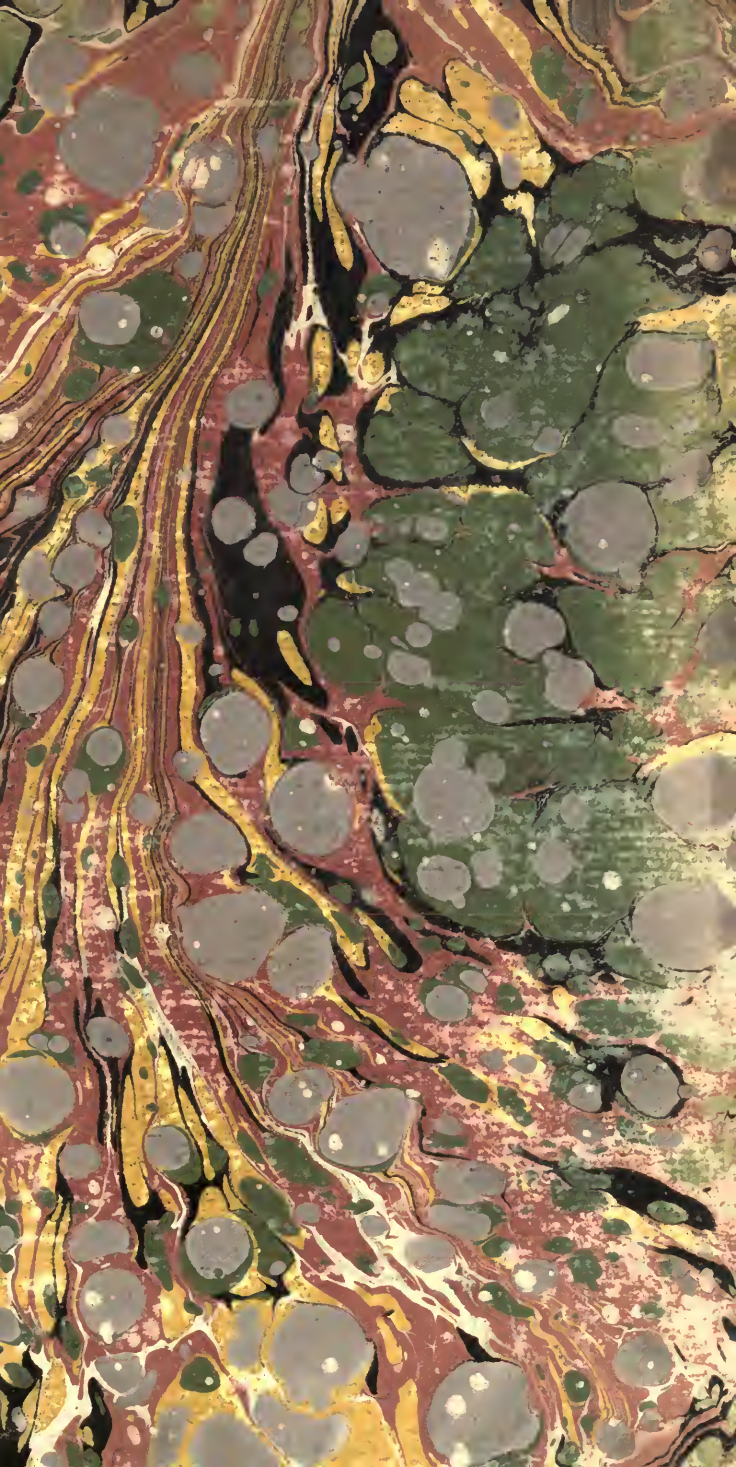

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A

TOUR UP THE STRAITS,

FROM

GIBRALTAR

TO

CONSTANTINOPLE.

WITH THE

LEADING EVENTS IN THE PRESENT WAR

BETWEEN THE

AUSTRIANS, RUSSIANS, AND THE TURKS,

TO THE

COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1789.

By CAPTAIN SUTHERLAND,
OF THE 25th REGIMENT.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;
AND SOLD BY J. JOHNSON, N° 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY LOUISA LENNOX,

THIS VOLUME

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HER LADYSHIP's

MOST OBLIGED,

MOST FAITHFUL, AND

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

D. SUTHERLAND.

496193

INTRODUCTION.

THE Commander in Chief of the garriſon of Gibraltar having indulged the Author of the following pages with leave of abſence, he accepted an invitation from an amiable Friend, to accompany him on a Voyage to the Levant.

It was with the moſt heart-felt ſatisfaction, that he found himſelf enabled to profit by ſo favorable an opportunity of viſiting a country, not

only intereſting from the precious remains of antiquity with which it is ſtill adorned, but from the critical ſtate into which it was thrown by the war already began, which threatened, ſooner or later, to involve in it many of the Powers of Europe, and to call forth the juſt arm of Great Britain, to check the haughty uſurpations of the ambitious Court of Ruſſia.

The Author's friends ſaw his happineſs in embarking on ſuch a Tour; and, that they might, in ſome degree, partake of it, one of them inſiſted that he ſhould keep, and tranſmit him, a regular Journal.

This promiſe the Author readily gave, and faithfully obſerved.

The compliments paid to this little work, firſt gave him the idea of appearing in print. Aware, however, that the ground he had travelled over, had often been treated upon by much more able pens, he for ſome time ſuppreſſed his hopes of becoming a candidate for fame in the literary world: but, after the general encouragement he met, he would have been guilty of injuſtice to himſelf, and of want of confidence in his friends, had he any longer heſitated to appear before the Public.

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A

TOUR

FROM

GIBRALTAR

TO

CONSTANTINOPLE.

LETTER I.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Carthagena, Auguſt 14th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN compliance with your requeſt, I I have kept a regular Journal of my Voyage, which I now incloſe you:

Tueſday, Auguſt 7th, Noon.

At eight o'clock, yeſterday morning, we left Gibraltar, with a contrary wind; and, on the firſt tack, we paſſed Ceuta, a place of no great intrinſic value, and

but an indifferent port. It is ſituated on a peninſula of Africa, which, with Gibraltar, Spartel and Traſlagar, forms the Straits, and is ſo ſtrongly fortified by Nature, that, although the Moors have often beſieged it, it has withſtood all their efforts.

Count Julian was Governor of this place, at the time Roderigo raviſhed his daughter, the beautiful *Cava*. The Count, inflamed with rage at the diſhonor perpetrated on his family, and diſtracted at the ruin of his own child, forgot his duty to his country, which no private injuries can excuſe, and engaged to put the Moors in poſſeſſion of Spain, if they would revenge him on his abandoned Monarch.

It is not eaſy to determine who were the firſt inhabitants of Spain. We know that it was ſubdued by the Carthaginians before the Chriſtian æra, and that they

were conquered by the Romans; who, in their turn, yielded to the Goths, from whom Roderigo was deſcended.

At this time, the Saracens (the name the followers of Mahomet aſſumed) emigrating from Arabia, had overrun the neighbouring parts of Africa, which they have kept poſſeſſion of ever ſince. To theſe people, Count Julian, with great truth, repreſented Roderic as a Prince univerſally deteſted, and whoſe tyranny promiſed a general inſurrection among the Goths. The Saracen Chief at firſt doubted the Count's ſincerity, but at laſt ſent over a large army, which gained a complete victory over Roderigo, who was killed in the action; and the whole country ſubmitted to the Moors.

A. D. 712.

Diviſions ariſing among the conquerors, the natives, in leſs than ſix years, again appeared in arms, and the Saracens gra-

dually declined for near two centuries. Almanzor then aroſe, and, by his repeated victories, revived the affairs of his countrymen: But, on the death of this great General, the Chriſtians again made head, and reduced the Moors to ſuch ſtraits, that, although Mahomet Ben Joſeph, Sovereign of Barbary, came over to their aſſiſtance with all his forces, he was entirely defeated. A. D. 1212.

The ſame diſſenſions, however, which had ruined the Saracens, now broke out among the Chriſtians, and enabled the former to ſhelter themſelves in Grenada, the only province now remaining to them in Spain. Here they continued till the different monarchies which had been erected on their ruin, were all, except Navarre, united under Ferdinand and Iſabella. Gre-
A. D. 1492. nada was then taken; but the Moors were allowed to remain in the country, as ſubjects, till the reign of Philip the

the Third, who, in apprehenſion of an
A.D. 1602. inſurrection, baniſhed them entirely from out of his kingdom. The depopulation which this meaſure occaſioned, is ſenſibly felt to the preſent day. Count Julian was himſelf put to death by the Moors, on a ſuſpicion that he intended to deſert their cauſe. His fate afforded us an ample field for reflection.

We continued our courſe along the Barbary ſhore till midnight. We were then obliged to tack, and are now oppoſite Malaga, twenty leagues from Gibraltar. This, conſidering that the wind has been conſtantly eaſterly, is no bad ſpecimen of our ſailing.

On the ſpot we are paſſing, Sir George Rooke, ſoon after he had taken Gibraltar, engaged the Grand Fleet of France, conſiſting of fifty-two ſail of the line. The Engliſh and Dutch had as many ſhips;

but the French, being later from port, were much better manned, and in ſupe-
Auguſt 13, 1704. rior condition. The battle laſted all the day. Both ſides ſuffered a very ſevere loſs in men; but not one veſſel was taken or deſtroyed. Each claimed the victory; but the French Admirals took care not to face us again during the whole of the war.

Auguſt 8th and 9th.

Calms and light eaſterly winds. The ſea, for ſeveral miles round us, is entirely covered with the ſpawn of fiſh. Philoſophers have not been able to determine how theſe animals are engendered: I will therefore paſs them over. The Grenada mountains riſe to a ſtupendous height on our left, and, even at this late ſeaſon, their heads are covered with ſnow.

Auguſt 10th, Noon.

We have been, all this morning, in ſight of Almeria. The ſhore, for two or three

three leagues on each ſide, is almoſt flat, with a very fine beach; but the town itſelf diſplays all the variety of hill, dale and water. It ſtands on a river, whoſe banks ſeem in high cultivation, and are over-hung by prodigious mountains; whilſt the low ground, particularly to the eaſt, riſes in a gradual ſlope, covered with groves and avenues of olive, and cork-trees, interſperſed with vines and green canes. This beautiful ſpot forms a kind of amphitheatre, encloſed by the Grenadines, whoſe rugged ſummits appear almoſt inacceſſible.

On a ſteep aſcent, at the Weſt end of the town, ſtands a large Mooriſh caſtle, in very good repair. At preſent it is only reſpectable for its antiquity; but, in 1147, it made a moſt vigorous defence againſt Conrad the Third, aſſiſted by the French, Genoeſe, and Piſans; and, after a glorious reſiſtance, it was taken by aſſault, and all the Moors moſt inhumanly put to

death. Vaſt riches were found in the place, particularly the famous Agate ſhip, which is ſtill ſhewn by the Genoeſe, as one of the moſt valuable curioſities in Genoa. The caſtle of Almeria is an exact copy of that at Gibraltar, and, like it, is commanded by an height immediately above it.

Duſk. Early in the afternoon, a breeze ſprang up, and we are now off Cape de Gatt, about ſix leagues from Almeria, and fifty-two from Gibraltar. On the point, the Spaniards have a ſmall barbette battery. The land, for ſome miles on each ſide, is almoſt perpendicular; but, although we are near a league from the ſhore, we have ſoundings in ſixteen fathoms. The eaſterly wind continuing, we have juſt tacked, and are ſtanding to the South.

Auguſt 11th.

In the morning, we made Abido, an iſland of rocks, on the Barbary ſhore,

Lat. 35° 44′, Long. 5 1′ W. and, in the afternoon, paſſed between the iſland and the main, which no Britiſh ſhip, I believe, ever did before. The paſſage is barely three leagues wide; but the ſhalloweſt water, three quarters of a mile from the rocks, was thirty-ſeven fathoms. The wind being contrary, we were ſeveral hours in working through.

Auguſt 12th.

During laſt night, we croſſed from the African to the Spaniſh ſhore, where the wind has left us in a calm.

Auguſt 13th, Mid-day.

We are now in ſight of Almazaron, a ſcattered village, at the bottom of a ſmall bay, well flanked by ſome little works on the cliffs on each ſide. At 4 P. M. tacked in fifteen fathoms water, one mile off Cape Tignoſe. On the weſt ſide of this point, there is good anchorage, well ſheltered from the eaſt wind. The Spaniards

have

have a white tower on the point, on which they have mounted two or three ſmall guns; and, indeed, we have ſcarce ſeen a ſpot on the coaſt of Spain, that a boat could land on, but what is defended by a tower or a little battery. Slight as theſe works appear, they not only check the ſmugglers, but have frequently been of ſervice in protecting the coaſters from the depredations of the Barbary corſairs; while they alſo communicate intelligence, by ſignals, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, in very few hours.

Tueſday, Auguſt 14th.

The wind blowing hard from the Eaſt, with a heavy ſwell, we have anchored off the mouth of Carthagena harbour.

Notwithſtanding the adverſe winds, nothing could be more pleaſant than our voyage. We have croſſed the Mediterranean

ranean ſeveral times, but have never been more than twelve hours out of ſight of land; and the weather, till laſt night, was ſo moderate, that not a ſoul has been ſea ſick.

The Spaniards have been remarkably civil. They have made a thouſand apologies for putting us under quarantine, and have promiſed to ſend us every thing we may want. Carthagena is in Lat. 37° 42′, Long. 58′ W. two hundred and fifty miles from Gibraltar. It was built by Aſdrubal, from whoſe country it took its name. I will be more particular in my next letter.

LETTER

LETTER II.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Carthagena, Auguſt 15th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE entrance of this harbour is not more than ſix hundred yards wide, and is flanked by about thirty guns on the eaſt ſide, and two-and-twenty on the weſt: But, as troops coming from the town, muſt take a conſiderable circuit round the water, I imagine that, on a ſudden attack, theſe batteries would not be manned in leſs than two hours. I can diſcern no embrazures on the line wall towards the ſea; but, on the pier without the gates, there is a low battery of fifty heavy guns, to defend the entrance of the baſon at the weſt end of the town. This paſſage has no defence on the oppoſite ſide, but is ſcarce fifty yards wide. The King's ſhips are laid up immediately within it. At preſent, they amount to twenty-

twenty-one ſail of the line, beſides frigates; but they are ſo cloſely laſhed together, that, if one took fire, the whole, in all probability, would be conſumed. None of them are coppered, nor have they any maſts ſtanding; and, although Carthagena is the ſecond naval arſenal in Spain, nothing like a man of war in any readineſs for ſervice; is here to be ſeen, except a ſmall copper-bottomed brig, and a few galleys: of theſe the brig only is in commiſſion *.

The dock-yard is contiguous to the baſon, and both are commanded by ſeveral heights. Two of theſe are ſecured by redoubts; the reſt are intruſted to croſſes. The works round the city are, I

* This was only four weeks before the French Ambaſſador delivered the hoſtile declaration, which, to the honor of our country, his Court was compelled to retract, and proves, that nothing had been pre-concerted with Spain, relative to the ſuccours to be given to the French faction in Holland.

believe,

believe, but weak; and there are ſeveral fine landing places within a day's march of the town.

We felt much obliged to the Governor, Don Joſeph De Rocas, for his very great attention. Beſides repeated offers of his beſt ſervices, he ſent his Aid de Camp to compliment us on our arrival, and to expreſs the utmoſt regret, that the orders from his Court were ſo ſtrict, that he could not have the honor of ſeeing us on ſhore, until we had performed a tedious quarantine; but, in the mean while, if we were diſpoſed to amuſe ourſelves in the harbour, he would ſend a boat to ſhew us every thing we wiſhed, and would do all in his power, to make our ſtay as pleaſant as poſſible. We thanked him for his kindneſs and civility, and, in return, determined to give him no trouble.

As the Engliſh were once in poſſeſſion of Carthagena, and I may have frequent occaſion

occaſion to mention the operations of the Britiſh arms in the Mediterranean, to prevent repetition, I will recite, in as few words as poſſible, the riſe, progreſs, and concluſion of the War of the Succeſſion.

Ferdinand and Iſabella were ſucceeded, in 1515, by their grandſon, the famous Charles, afterwards Emperor of Germany. Charles, in 1556, reſigned his crown to his ſon, Philip II. whoſe grandſon, Philip IV. had iſſue, Charles, Maria Thereſa, and Margaret. Maria Thereſa married Louis XIV. of France, who was compelled to reſign every pretenſion he might afterwards have to Spain, in conſequence of this marriage; and Margaret was given to the Emperor Leopold.

Philip IV. was ſucceeded by his ſon Charles II. who ſeemed likely to leave no iſſue. Louis XIV. therefore apprehending that, at the death of this King, a great conteſt would ariſe for the crown of Spain,

Spain, entered into a ſecret treaty with William III. and the Dutch, for the partition of its dominions: by which it was agreed, that all the Spaniſh territories in Italy, the province of Guipuſcoa in Spain, and the duchies of Lorrain and Bar, ſhould devolve to the Dauphin; whilſt the kingdom of Spain, and Spaniſh America, ſhould be given to the Archduke Charles, the Emperor's ſecond ſon, the eldeſt being already provided for. It is to be obſerved, that theſe ſons were by the Emperor's ſecond marriage, Margaret and all her iſſue being dead. The Dauphin would therefore have been the undoubted heir apparent, had not his father, on his marriage, renounced his right.

The Spaniards, who were ſo nearly concerned, knew nothing of this Partition Treaty. Soon after its concluſion, Charles II. of Spain died, and, by his will, left all his dominions to Philip, Duke of Anjou, the Dauphin's ſecond ſon. Louis

immediately

immediately ſent his grandſon to aſcend the throne. This was a breach of the Partition Treaty, which William determined to oppoſe; but dying at this criſis, war was declared by Queen Anne, who, in conjunction with the Emperor Leopold and the Dutch, ſet up the Archduke Charles, in oppoſition to the Duke of Anjou. In this war ſeveral other Powers took part.

Sir George Rooke and the Duke of Ormond were ſent to Cadiz, in hopes that the Andaluſians would declare for Charles: but they refuſed to acknowlege him; and the Engliſh, thinking the town too ſtrong to be carried by force, re-embarked. On their return, Sir George and the Duke, hearing that a ſquadron of French men of war, with a very valuable convoy, had put into Vigo, determined to attack them; which they executed with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs. Ten line-of-battle ſhips and

Oct. 1702.

eleven galleons were taken, and ſix galleons and five ſail of the line, burnt, beſides many ſmaller veſſels.

In 1704, the Archduke embarked on board the Confederate Fleet, and, after an unſucceſsful attempt on Barcelona, ſet off for Liſbon, the Portugueſe having eſpouſed his cauſe againſt Philip. In the mean while, Sir George took Gibraltar, and engaged Count Thoulouſe off Malaga. Gibraltar was immediately beſieged by the French and Spaniards, but was relieved by Admiral Leake, in 1705, who took a line-of-battle ſhip, and burnt four more.

Charles again embarked on board our fleet, at Altea Bay, with Lord Peterborough, and the Prince of Heſſe Darmſtadt. The Prince was repulſed and killed at the aſſault of Fort Montjuic, at Barcelona; but Lord Peterborough inſtantly renewed the attack, and carried
Sept. 3, 1705. the fort. The town ſurrendered

ſoon after. Lord Peterborough marched directly into Valentia, and, in a few months, with ſcarce ſix thouſand Engliſh troops, overrun the greateſt part of Spain, and entered Madrid in triumph. His ſtay there, however, was but ſhort; for he was obliged to return to the aſſiſtance of King Charles, who was now beſieged in Barcelona, by General Teſſé: but, on the Earl's approach, the French General raiſed the ſiege with the utmoſt precipitation, leaving all his baggage, camp equipage, artillery and wounded men behind him. Victory, throughout this campaign, was the conſtant attendant on the Britiſh arms. The town of Alicant was taken by aſſault; and the citadel ſurrendered next day. Carthagena having offered to acknowlege Charles, a detachment was ſent to ſecure it. Majorca and Ivica ſurrendered ſoon after.

April, 1706.

June 28.

But the eminent ſervices of the Earl of Peterborough not gaining him a proper

influence in the Adminiſtration, he reſigned his command, and was ſucceeded by Lord Galway, a brave man. But, by the miſmanagement of King Charles, his affairs fell into great confuſion; and Lord Galway, being obliged to engage the enemy under many diſadvantages at Al-
April 14. manza, was entirely defeated.
1707. The conſequences of this victory gave Philip a decided ſuperiority in Spain.

In the mean while, the Duke of Marlborough having carried all before him in Flanders, and the Duke of Savoy having driven the enemy out of his dominions, it was reſolved, that the army under his Highneſs's command in Italy, aſſiſted by the fleet in the Mediterranean, ſhould beſiege Toulon: but the Emperor Joſeph, who had ſucceeded his father Leopold, withdrawing his forces to beſiege Naples,
Auguſt 4. and the French making a ſucceſsful ſally, in which they

burnt all the batteries, the Allies were obliged to raiſe the ſiege.

Nothing remarkable was done in Spain in 1708. Our army was reinforced, and the enemy's diſtreſſed by the capture of a large convoy of proviſions. Cagliari, the capital, and the whole iſland of Sardinia, ſubmitted to King Charles; Minorca was taken by General Stanhope, and Naples ſurrendered to the Emperor.

Next year, Alicant was taken by the enemy. The rock on which the citadel ſtood, was defended for ſeveral months, by Major General Richards, with the moſt romantic valour, but was at laſt undermined and blown up. The General, and moſt of the principal Officers, having purpoſely expoſed themſelves, to animate the garriſon to ſtand the threatened ſhock, were loſt in the exploſion; but the ſurvivors, under Colonel D'Allon, defended themſelves

April, 1709.

till the Britiſh fleet arrived and carried them off.

During the remainder of the war, Charles's affairs continued to decline; and his ſucceſs at Sarragoſſa and Almanara was balanced by a defeat at Villa Vicioſa, and the capture of General Stanhope's army at Brihuega.

At this juncture, his brother died, and Charles, ſucceeding to the empire of Germany (1711), left Spain; but his partizans, aſſiſted by the Engliſh under the Duke of Argyle, kept poſſeſſion of Barcelona, and the greateſt part of Catalonia, till the peace of Utrecht in 1713.

By this treaty, Charles reſigned his pretenſions to Spain; but, in addition to the empire, he retained Sardinia, Naples, Milan, and the Spaniſh Netherlands. Sicily was given to the Duke of Savoy, with the title of King; together with

Feneſtrelles,

Feneſtrelles, and ſome other places taken from the French. The Dutch got their Barrier; the Engliſh, only Minorca and Gibraltar, with ſome ſettlements in North America. Pruſſia got Upper Gueldres.

Philip, Duke of Anjou, was declared King of Spain: but, to prevent that kingdom and France from ever being united under one head, Philip was obliged to renounce every future claim to France; whilſt the Dukes of Berry and Orleans were obliged to do the ſame by Spain.

I wiſh much to enlarge on the gallant exploits of the Earl of Peterborough, the heroic defence of General Richards, and the noble ſpirit of the Catalonians after they were abandoned by the Emperor and Queen Ann to the chaſtiſement of Philip; but the bounds preſcribed to a journal will not permit me.

LETTER III.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Cagliari, September 1ſt.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON the 16th of laſt month, we weighed anchor off the harbour of Carthagena, and ſailed out of the bay, between the rock and the continent, to the great aſtoniſhment of the Spaniards: but, although one might almoſt ſhake hands with them on each ſide, there is no danger in a ſteady breeze; for the ſhore is ſo bold, that, whilſt we had ſoundings in fourteen fathoms on one ſide of the ſhip, we found no bottom with a line of twenty on the other.

The wind favoured us for ſome hours; but, before night, it got back to its old quarter, the eaſt, and continued there, with

with little variation, till the 23d. By this time, after having had a diſtant view of the high land of Majorca, we were in ſight of Sardinia, in Lat. 40° 10′, and, with the aſſiſtance of the land breeze, got down to Cape Tolero on the 24th. In the night, we paſſed two rocks, called the Bull and Cow, Lat. 38° 35′, and, on the 25th, anchored in the bay of Cagliari, the capital, Lat. 39° 14′, Long. 9° 20′ Eaſt, diſtant from Gibraltar about two hundred and fifty leagues.

Early the next morning, we got pratick, with an invitation to dine with the Viceroy, Count St. André. Three carriages were ſent to carry us to the palace. The dinner was in the French ſtile, and the head diſh in the ſecond courſe was half a young wild boar, roaſted entire: it was ſuperior to any pork I ever taſted. We had no wine but at dinner, and one glaſs of *liqueur* after the deſert. The principal people of the iſland were invited to meet

meet us, and among them, the Marchioneſſes of Villarias and Paſqua, and the Baroneſs Tauolard, the three handſomeſt of their ladies.

Villarias has captured all our hearts. I have often endeavoured to form an idea of Eve in her ſtate of innocence, but never ſucceeded until I ſaw this charming *Marcheſa.* With the firſt rank and faſhion, ſhe is a child of Nature, and Nature in perfection. Her limbs are moſt elegantly turned, and her beautiful ſhape is neither diſtorted by ſtays, nor encumbered by a load of falſe *croupion.* It is impoſſible to deſcribe how ſuch a woman moves. She is of the middle ſize, and in the prime of youth. Her face is equal to her perſon, brunette, with lovely black eyes, whoſe expreſſion gives full force to the vivacity of her converſation.

Paſqua poſſeſſes every attraction but that of drawing one from Villarias. Tauolard

Tauolard is handſome and amiable, but has not ſo much of *L'Allegro* as the other two. Their dreſs is like the Engliſh; but the unnatural paſſion for monſtrous protuberances, which I am ſorry to hear ſtill reigns among our fair countrywomen, hath not yet reached Cagliari.

In their manners, the Sardinian ladies are more like the French. They ſay every thing that comes uppermoſt, and have no idea of reſerve. You kiſs their hands as a mere compliment; and, in dancing, whenever you turn a lady, ſhe expects you to put your arm round her waiſt, whilſt her's reſts on your ſhoulder.

This frankneſs is vaſtly pleaſant, and is here of no evil tendency; for, in a confined ſociety, ſecluded from the general world, where the characters and their connections are thoroughly known, and where the number of the profligate is too ſmall to find either countenance or protection,

tection, confidence and ſincerity on the part of the women, naturally produce honor and eſteem in the breaſts of the men.

THE

STORY OF LUCILLA.

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

The Hon. Mrs. CHETWYND STAPYLTON

AFTER coffee, the ladies carried us to ſee a nunnery, of which there are no leſs than fourteen in Sardinia. I have ever thought theſe inſtitutions a defect in policy, and have reprobated the idea of the Almighty being pleaſed at our depriving ourſelves of the power of doing any one good and moral action: but, in juſtice to the Superintendants in this iſland, it muſt be obſerved, that no girl is permitted to become a Novice until ſhe is fifteen, and muſt then ſerve a year longer before ſhe can be allowed to take the veil; but this ceremony once performed, ſhe muſt bid an eternal farewel to the world.

We

We ſaw none of the Nuns but the Superiors and Novices. They ſtood within the inner door, which, as a particular diſtinction, they opened while they converſed with us acroſs the threſhold. My attention was ſoon arreſted by the youngeſt of the Superiors.

She appears ſcarcely thirty. Confinement has only ſoftened the colour of her cheek, and compoſed the luſtre of her eye. Her features are perfectly regular, and her countenance is animated by the cheerful glow of benevolence and virtue. With the gentleneſs of a ſaint, ſhe poſſeſſes all the accompliſhments of a woman of the world, and ſpeaks a variety of languages, with a voice harmoniouſly ſweet.

Her name is Lucilla. She is aunt to the beautiful Villarias, and, like her, in her youth, was the pride of Sardinia. Early in life, ſhe engaged herſelf to Fernando, a young

a young nobleman, in every reſpect her equal. Their hearts were already united, and the day was fixed for their nuptials; but, before this happy hour could be celebrated, the ſudden death of the beſt of parents obliged Fernando to paſs over to the Continent, to perform the laſt offices to his deceaſed, and affectionate father. Before his departure, he repeated thoſe endearing vows of eternal conſtancy, which both he and Lucilla had often given and received; and each promiſed to write by every opportunity.

Lucilla kept her word; and when the time ſhe expected an anſwer had expired, her mind was filled with anxious fears for her lover's ſafety. At length ſhe heard of his arrival at Turin from his friends, moſt of whom had received letters from him; but Lucilla, who expected to have had the firſt, got none. She was too generous to be ſuſpicious, and, inſtead of complaining, continued writing

writing to Fernando in the moſt affectionate terms, making every excuſe for not hearing from him, but entreating him, as he valued her affection, to write to her by every channel.

The amiable Lucilla had ſtill the mortification of ſeeing poſt after poſt arrive, without a line from her lover. At length ſhe heard, accidentally, that he was ſoon to ſet out for Spain, from whence he was to embark for South America. A thouſand painful emotions now ſeized her breaſt, and her grief for her lover's unworthineſs was not the leaſt. Her fate was drawing to a criſis; and, as her laſt reſource, ſhe wrote him the following letter:

" Until I heard of your preparations
" for croſſing the Atlantic, I attributed
" your ſilence to your confidence in my
" eſteem, and in my unalterable attach-
" ment; and when I reflected how long

" your

" your indiſpenſable concerns would en-
" gage you, I had almoſt perſuaded
" myſelf to wiſh that you would not
" prolong your abſence, even by the
" time in which you would be writing
" to me: but, what I have hitherto con-
" ſidered as an occaſional ſlight, is now
" become an injury ſo cruel and in-
" human, that, with all my prejudice in
" your favor, I have great difficulty to
" make myſelf believe that I am not
" entirely bereft of your affection. If
" you are capable of ſuch inconſtancy,
" I abſolve you of your vows; and may
" Heaven forgive you. Mine, I ſhall
" ever keep ſacred. If you deprive me
" of the power of fulfilling them—the
" convent of St. Lucia is not far from
" me: there will I for ever ſeclude my-
" ſelf from the world, and confirm how
" ſincerely I am your

" LUCILLA."

This letter having only increaſed her diſappointment, Lucilla took the irre-

vokable vow, and exerted all her reſolution to ſubdue her paſſion. Two years after ſhe had taken the veil, her guardian died; and, in his laſt moments, the wretch confeſſed, that he had never forwarded any of the letters intruſted to him, and that he had kept Fernando's. He pointed to a box, where they were depoſited; but death prevented his diſcovering his motive for ſuch enormous treachery.

Fernando's letters were exactly in the ſame ſtrain with Lucilla's. He frequently mentions, that his friends in Spain had ſolicited him to accept one of the chief appointments in South America; but that he ſhould think the whole world itſelf no recompenſe for being abſent from his Lucilla. In his laſt, he reminds her of her vows, with the utmoſt delicacy and affection. He aſſures her that, without her, all ſituations will be equally miſerable to him, and conjures her, in the moſt paſſionate terms, no longer to trifle with

his happineſs; for, that he ſhould be obliged to yield to the importunity of his Spaniſh relations, unleſs ſhe would again make Sardinia a Paradiſe, by aſſuring him of her conſtancy.

Lucilla was ſoon informed how cruelly ſhe had been deceived; but, far from complaining, ſhe was almoſt overcome with joy at the proof of her lover's affection. From that time, ſhe reaſſumed her former cheerfulneſs; and, with injuries ſufficient to diſtract any thing leſs than an angel, I really believe ſhe is the happieſt perſon in the convent. Such are the comforts of religion, and ſo true is the adage—"Virtue is happineſs," that Lucilla's thoughts now riſe ſuperior to the world; and, without offending the Deity by heat or impatience, ſhe looks, with tranquil joy, for that moment which will be the commencement of endleſs bliſs, when ſhe and Fernando will be united in Heaven.

I leave you to conceive, my dear Madam, how much her hiſtory increaſed the veneration I before felt for her. Villarias is my author. Her words, enforced by her expreſſive countenance, are engraven on my heart; but it is impoſſible to tranſlate them. The youthful Marchioneſs is no enthuſiaſt in favor of nunneries; but ſhe has made me allow, that, to diſpoſitions and misfortunes like Lucilla's, they afford a comfortable aſylum.

LETTER IV.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Cagliari, September 1ſt.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE churches here are plainer than one expects in a Roman Catholic country; but many of them are beautifully neat. The altar-pieces are compoſed of coloured marble, with no other ornaments than plated candleſticks and artificial flowers. We have ſeen but few paintings, and very little ſculpture. The piece which ſtruck us moſt, was for its ſingularity as a religious ornament, in one of the chapels of the cathedral. It is a group, with two figures a little detached on each ſide; neither of whom convey any idea of decency, much leſs of religion.

The only proceſſion I have ſeen, I at firſt miſtook for a recruiting party. It was led by a red ſtandard, with drums and fifes playing Malbrook, followed by ſeveral detachments of menial eccleſiaſtics, in party-coloured dreſſes, with a ſmall crucifix between each diviſion. The rear was brought up by an image of the Virgin Mary, and a chorus. Theſe gentlemen were rather ſparing of their muſic; but what they did perform, was remarkably fine.

On the ſecond night after our arrival, Count André gave us a ball at the palace. The dances were all Engliſh, except two: the firſt was La Courance; the other, a Sardinian. It conſiſts of an unlimited number of ladies and gentlemen, who ſtand in a ring, and dance ſeveral times round the centre, in ſhort ſteps, to a meaſure, ſomething like the ſlow time of a *Fandango*. Every now and then, the whole cloſe; and the men, with an imitation

imitation of neighing, firſt kick their legs forward, then throw them back, fall on their knees, and ſpring to their places. The ring now opens, and the two ends turning outwards, lead round till they join. After footing it a little thus back to back, the former manœuvre is repeated, to bring the ring to its original poſition, and the dance is ended. The ball concluded with *Country Bumpkin*, to the great delight of the Sardinians, who had never ſeen it properly danced. I had the pleaſure of dancing that, as well as La Courance, and another with the charming Villarias. Different ices were ſerved between the dances, and we broke up about an hour after midnight. We were introduced to near twenty ladies, but none of them are worth a particular deſcription but the three I have named.

The Viceroy is a man of good underſtanding, and of accompliſhed manners.

He was formerly Governor of Nice, and always remarkable for his partiality to the Engliſh. One afternoon when we were almoſt *en famille*, he ſaid, "*Allons en Angleterre*," and led us into another room, where we found a complete tea-table. He was highly pleaſed at the agreeable ſurpriſe he ſaw in our countenances, and we were equally charmed with his flattering attention. He has had ſome of us to dine with him every day, and always ſends his carriages for us. Let this, my dear friend, be a leſſon to us to treat ſtrangers with attention. We are always ſure of receiving it abroad, and it is ſhameful not to return it at home. His ſon, the Chevalier de Revel, poſſeſſes all the politeneſs of the French, with the ſincerity of the Engliſh. He has been in every part of England, and ſpeaks our language very fluently.

Sardinia is now ſubject to the Duke of Savoy, who by the Quadruple Alliance, was obliged to accept it in lieu of Sicily, which was given to the Emperor. It is 140 miles long, and 70 broad, and contains 420,000 ſouls. The revenue ariſes chiefly from a duty upon ſalt, and is barely ſufficient to defray its expences; but it certainly might be conſiderably augmented, as the ſoil produces wine, corn, and oil in abundance. Moſt of the ſalt that is exported, is taken by the Danes and Swedes; the Engliſh formerly took great quantities for Newfoundland, but having found the procuring it from Spain and Portugal more convenient, they now take little or none. A profitable tunny fiſhery is carried on at the ſouth weſt part of the iſland, but it is monopolized by the Duke de St. Pierre, and a few more people, who happen to be proprietors of the adjoining land. Wild boars abound in the hilly parts of the iſland, and here are

A. D. 1720.

ſome

ſome few deer, not ſo large as ours, but in colour and make exactly the ſame. I taſted part of one at the Viceroy's, and found it by no means inferior to our doe veniſon.

The Feudal Syſtem ſtill ſubſiſts in a limited degree, and titles go with their eſtates, ſo that by purchaſing the latter, you inherit the former. The regular troops ſeldom exceed two thouſand men, but the militia amount to near twenty-ſix thouſand, of whom eleven thouſand are cavalry. Their horſes are ſmall, but uncommonly active. In a charge we ſhould beat them, but on a march they would be ſuperior to us. The country people are generally armed; but notwithſtanding their having been ſo long under the Spaniſh and Italian government, aſſaſſinations are by no means frequent; and yet by the laws of the country, if a man ſtabs another without premeditated malice, within four hours after

after quarrelling with him, he is not liable to be hanged. On the other hand, the church affords no protection to the guilty.

The Sardinians are not at all bigoted, and, next to the Spaniards, the Engliſh are their favorites. In 1708, the Vice-roy was diſpoſed to ſupport the Duke of Anjou, but on the approach of the Britiſh fleet, the inhabitants obliged him to acknowledge Charles.

The town ſtands on the ſide of an hill, riſing from the ſea, with a rampart round it. The ſituation is ſtrong by nature; but the works are much out of repair. The worſt of this port is, that, on account of the ſhoalneſs of the water, men of war are obliged to lay a long diſtance from the ſhore; and, although the bay is of a very conſiderable extent, yet the channel for large ſhips is ſo narrow,

narrow, that, in working out with a contrary wind, it is difficult to avoid getting aground; but, as the bottom is, in general, ſoft, touching is attended with no bad conſequence but the trouble of getting off.

For ſeveral leagues round the hill on which Cagliari ſtands, the country is almoſt flat; but, although it appears remarkably fine, it is reckoned prodigiouſly unhealthy; and it is a known fact, that the night air, in many parts of this iſland, is a kind of poiſon to ſtrangers. The harveſt is got in. The grapes are ripe; but the vintage has ſcarce begun. The vines are exactly in the order recommended by Virgil. We rode through ſeveral of the vineyards, and found the peaſants exceſſively civil. They loaded us with their beſt grapes; and it was with the utmoſt difficulty, that we prevailed upon them to accept any money in

return. They dreſs like the Spaniards, to whom they are ſtill much attached; and I found my underſtanding Spaniſh a great recommendation, even with the Nobleſſe, and the divine Lucilla.

LETTER V.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, September 9th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE left Sardinia on the 3d inſtant; on the 7th, at day-light, were in ſight of Mount Veſuvius; and, in the evening, we were cloſe to Capria, a ſmall iſland on the right of the entrance to the bay of Naples, famous for the abode of Tiberius. In ſize and ſhape, it is not unlike Gibraltar. The town is in the center of the weſt ſide, ſurrounded and interſperſed with vines and evergreens, which give the houſes the appearance of ſo many villas peeping through the trees. This ſpot is extremely beautiful; but every other part of the iſland is a bare rock.

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When Tiberius, from the conſciouſneſs of his crimes, was in perpetual dread of being aſſaſſinated, he made choice of Capria, as a place of ſecurity. It is totally inacceſſible on every part, except at a little bay, which he ſurrounded with guards, and allowed nobody to enter but by his own invitation. Here he carried on the moſt abominable debauchery; and the accounts we read of his brutality are confirmed by the number of obſcene medals and paintings found in the town.

That which exhibits the beautiful Malonia can never be beheld but with the utmoſt horror and compaſſion. In thoſe vitiated times, this unfortunate lady lived on terms of the pureſt affection with her huſband, and carefully avoided the Emperor's court. But when, from his age and infirmities, Tiberius was looked upon as totally debilitated, he accidentally met her, and was inſtantly ſtruck by her beauty. The modeſty of her carriage only

only increaſed his deſire. She was immediately ſeized by his guards, and conveyed to the palace, where the horrible monſter, finding that neither power nor promiſes, threats nor ſeverity, could tempt Malonia to ſwerve from her duty, had a machine contrived to force her to his purpoſe.—On this ſhe is repreſented, with a countenance full of anguiſh and diſtreſs. The reſt is too ſhocking to deſcribe.

Paſſing by Capria, with Veſuvius in front, blazing from time to time during the night, we anchored off Naples the next day, and this morning got prattick.

LETTER VI.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, September 12th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE loſt no time in ſeeing the wonders of this extraordinary country. Our firſt object was to follow Æneas to the Cuman Shore, and on our way thither, it was but juſt to pay our oblations at Virgil's Tomb. This celebrated monument is cloſe to the top of the Grotto of Pauſilippe, on the left of the eaſt entrance. The inſide is a ſquare of twelve feet, with three niches for urns on the eaſt and weſt ſides, two niches and a door, through which you enter, on the ſouth, and the ſame on the north. The roof is arched, and about nine feet high. The outſide was originally octa-

gonal, but the angles being worn away, it is now circular, and at a diſtance looks like the remains of a ſmall tower. The materials are of the common kind, and I did not obſerve any marble near it, except two modern inſcriptions.

Formerly the tomb was ſurrounded with laurels, but as every idle viſitor took a leaf, there is not a ſprig left. We could not help exclaiming againſt ſuch ſacrilege; but our guide endeavoured to comfort us, by ſaying that the Marquis Salcitro had ordered a new ſet to be planted.

The Grotto of Pauſilippe is at the weſt end of the ſuburbs of Naples. It is a public road cut through the mountain, near half a mile in length, and wide enough for two carriages to drive abreaſt. Its height is very irregular, in ſome parts eighty feet, and at others only five-and-twenty. In the day time

you may ſee from one end to the other, by the help of two large apertures, cut diagonally from the center of the grotto to the ſurface of the mount; but at night we were obliged to uſe torches, which, when any number of vehicles are driving together, have a moſt beautiful effect. The bottom, like all Naples, is paved with ſquare pieces of lava. Its exact date has not been aſcertained. The common people inſiſt that it was done by inchantment, as a proof of which they allege that no ſtones were found near the entrance. It would be to no purpoſe to tell them, that thoſe who perforated the mount, very naturally made uſe of the ſtone in building the town.

But after all, the difficulty in accompliſhing this paſſage was by no means ſo great as one would at firſt imagine, for the ſtone is ſo ſoft, that until it has been for ſome time expoſed to the air, you

may crumble it to duſt. Neither, in my opinion, is this celebrated excavation equal to the batteries, magazines, and communications, formed in the ſolid rock of Gibraltar by Mr. Inch, under the direction of General Eliott, and continued with aſtoniſhing ſucceſs by Major-General O'Hara.

After paſſing the Grotto we drove to Puzzoli. The road is remarkably pleaſant, great part of it runs between groves of poplars, planted in regular order, to ſuſtain the vines, in the ſtyle of our hop gardens. The vines are loaded with grapes, and, encircling the trees, form a variety of beautiful feſtoons from one tree to another in every direction. The ground beneath is either covered with graſs, or laid out for corn.

Turning a little out of the way to the right, we came to Lago D'Agnano, formerly a volcano, now a romantick, beautiful

beautiful lake. Close to it is a little cave called Grotto del Cane, from a vapour that rises in it so obnoxious to dogs, that it kills them in a few minutes, and doubtless it would have the same effect on man, or any other animal, whose head was held near the ground.

Between Lago D'Agnano and Puzzoli, on the side of another extinguished volcano, called the Solfaterra, we saw the Piscatelli, or Boiling Springs, of whose wonderful effect, in turning lava and pumice stone into clay and into soil, I had the same evening the satisfaction of hearing a philosophical account from Sir William Hamilton, with which he has already favoured the public.

We hired a boat at Puzzoli, and after rowing about two miles across part of the celebrated Bay of Baia, with Virgil in my pocket, landed close to the Lucrine Lake, at the foot of Monte Nuovo.

This mountain, which is ſeveral hundred yards in height, and above a mile in circumference, was thrown up by the Lucrine Lake in a violent earthquake in the year 1538. However ſtrange this may appear, ſuch phenomena are by no means uncommon in Italy. The lake was of courſe much reduced by this eruption, and now only covers three or four acres. It is about ten yards from the ſea, and has a ſluice to communicate with it.

After a ſhort walk in a pleaſant vineyard, we entered the Sibyl's Cave, a road cut through a mountain in the ſtyle of the Grotto of Pauſilippe, but on a ſmaller ſcale. The paſſage from the cave to her palace is only wide enough for one perſon. After deſcending ten or twelve yards, we came to her baths, four ſmall chambers with water ſtill in them. We were carried through on men's backs, with candles in our hands, and aſcending

ing a little on the oppoſite ſide, came to the door of her palace; but it is ſo choaked up with rubbiſh, that we were obliged to return without finding an entrance; and paſſing through her cave and a wild ſhrubbery on the weſt of it, we arrived at Lake Avernus, and on the oppoſite banks ſaw the grove where Æneas was to find the golden bough.

The lake ſeems to have loſt the noxious qualities Virgil aſcribed to it; but this, I imagine, is owing to moſt of the high trees with which it was cloſely ſurrounded being cut down, and little but bruſhwood left. The temple is at a ſmall diſtance on the right of the lake; we wanted to go to it, but our Cicerone perſuaded us that it would be better to delay ſeeing that and the entrance into Hell, until we had been at Cuma.

We therefore repaſſed the Sibyl's Cave, and returning to the Lucrine Lake, again embarked, and proceeded along the ſhore to the foot of Nero's Palace, where the ſand under the ſea water is ſo hot, that we could ſcarcely touch it. The effect of ſubterraneous fire.

The baths are above. Theſe are ſeveral large chambers, divided into different apartments for the men and women, with two ſubterranean paſſages leading to the water, which unite at the diſtance of two hundred yards from the ſpring. Here the heat is ſo exceſſive and inſupportable, that it is ſuppoſed no longer neceſſary to continue the ſeparate paſſages, ſince even ſhould perſons of different ſexes advance thus far, there is no danger of their being noticed by each other, for to get here coſt us great pain; and all our clothes, in a few ſeconds, were wet through with perſpiration.

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This is what they call bathing, for nobody can bear the water. One of our guides, for a pecuniary reward, brought a little in a bucket, and boiled ſome eggs in it, which were afterwards ſerved at our table in a ſhady ſpot on the adjoining claſſic ground; and we crowned this grateful repaſt with the health of a favorite fair, in a ſmiling bumper of real Falernian, from the very vineyards which have been celebrated by Horace. The wine was remarkably good, and the heavenly toaſt gave it a ſtill higher flavour. I am convinced that it would have found its way to England, had not the Italians loſt the art of preſerving it. One muſt therefore either drink it new or four.

About two miles from Nero's Baths, we were ſhewn the Temple of Diana, a large dome, one half of which was deſtroyed by an earthquake, the other remains. The Temple of Mercury is

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on the oppoſite ſide of a modern bridge. The dome is ſtill entire, and is ſeventy feet in diameter. It has a ſimilar effect to the whiſpering gallery at St. Paul's. Part of the roof is lined with common moſaic. The walls of the different out-offices are ſtill ſtanding, and the court has been lately planted with lemon and orange trees, which, in time, will add greatly to the beauty of its appearance. This ſpot ſeems to have been particularly ſacred, for not an hundred yards further is a large octagon tower, the remains of a Temple of Venus Genetrix, but no other veſtige of it is left.

Here we again embarked, and after rowing ſome little way along the ſhore, landed and walked to the top of a hill, from which we had a view of the Elyſian Fields, and of Lake Acheron below us. The lake is changed, like Avernus, but the Elyſian Fields are ſtill a beautiful

tiful wilderneſs. On our way we paſſed ſeveral ancient burying-places, and a variety of other ruins—ruins in the trueſt ſenſe of the word, for the whole is an heap of rubbiſh.

A little beyond this is the famous reſervoir conſtructed for the uſe of the Roman Navy. The roof is ſupported by forty-eight ſquare pillars, with a proportional number of arches, ſomething in the ſtyle of the Nun's Ciſtern at Gibraltar, but on a ſcale ſo much more grand, that it would contain above an hundred times the quantity of water.

From thence we proceeded through a vineyard to an amazing ſubterraneous building, ſuppoſed to have been Nero's priſons. The gallery is about twelve feet high, and nine wide. We were told that it proceeds in a right line from the entrance to the ſea, and is divided into near an hundred apartments; but

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as it is full of ſtones, and as the air is ſaid to be prodigiouſly hurtful, we could not prevail on our guide to deſcend to any diſtance in this direction, but, turning to the left, we entered a range of apartments in the form of a croſs, which we ſuppoſed were for the officers, as the partition walls are only carried to within two feet of the arch. In the inmoſt fourteen bronze lamps were found. The niches they ſtood in ſtill remain. On ſtriking the ground, it returned a hollow ſound, as if there was a range of priſons beneath.

As ſoon as we returned to day-light, we deſcended to the ſea-ſide, to the tomb of Agrippina. It is an arched vault, fifteen feet long, and nine wide, almoſt filled up with rubbiſh. The walls are covered with elegant baſſo-relievo miniature figures, in ſmall ſquares, remarkably neat and beautiful; one repreſents a female deity, with extended wings,

wings, ſoaring in the air; two others are women reclining on a couch, but ſo choaked up with ſmoke and ſoot from the torches, that it is impoſſible to determine who they are: the workmanſhip, however, one eaſily perceives, exhibits the hand of a capital maſter, who has diſplayed ſo much taſte, beauty and harmony, that we are almoſt tempted to forget Agrippina's crimes; and, in pitying her fate, we redouble our horror at the inhuman parricide who ſent her to her tomb.

It is not known by whom this monument was erected; and I think it not improbable, that it might have been ordered by Nero himſelf, ſince he is reported to have ſaid, that, had he known how beautiful his mother was, he never would have deſtroyed her.

Having now ſeen every thing on the coaſt of Baia, we returned to Puzzoli, and

and, to our inexpreſſible concern, found that it was too late to continue our excurſion to Cuma.

Puzzoli abounds with antiquities; but the temple of Jupiter Serapis is the only one we had time to ſee. This was one of the moſt noble ſtructures yet brought to light; and we can never ſufficiently lament, that it has not been preſerved in the ſtate in which it was found.

The court is a ſquare of one hundred and twenty feet, and was ſurrounded by a magnificent colonnade, which, together with the roof and pavement, were of beautiful marble. It contained many elegant ſtatues, and every other religious ornament; but the King was ſeized with ſuch an avidity for theſe treaſures, that he had them all removed to his different palaces, with the exception of four columns only, which are left, as a ſample, before the entrance of the inner temple,

temple, each eighteen feet in circumference, and forty in height. The temple itſelf was again ſtopped up with rubbiſh, after all its ornaments were taken away.

In the center of the court, an altar was raiſed for ſacrifice; but, as it was compoſed of the fineſt materials, it was cruſhed by the earthquake that buried the temple. The baſe ſtill remains, with the ring to which the victim was tied, and the veſſels for holding its blood.

LETTER VII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, September 20th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE returned to Naples, highly gratified with our expedition to Baia, and, after a day's reſt, ſet out for Mount Veſuvius. The foot of the mountain is about ſix miles off. We went at night, in order to view the crater to the greateſt advantage, and were about two hours in walking from the baſe to the hermitage. The road, although ſteep, is tolerably good; and a light carriage may aſcend the greateſt part of it.

Father Pietro, the Hermit, received us with great hoſpitality; and, although

turned of eighty, he is by no means inſenſible to thoſe charms of ſociety which are conſiſtent with the gravity of his order. He ſeemed a perſon of a liberal education, ſpoke with great judgment of the ancients, and was well informed of the ſtate of Europe at the time of his retirement. In the courſe of converſation, he mentioned his having been in England, which led us to enquire in what capacity. Conceive our ſurprize, when this venerable ſage told us that he had been a French hair-dreſſer! But the frankneſs and the grace with which he made this declaration, increaſed our eſteem; and his converſation proved, that however low his origin, his abilities and application had raiſed him ſuperior to moſt of us.

His habitation is a comfortable cottage, with a chapel, and a ſhrubbery adjoining, at the extremity of one of the ſmall mountains, of which there are

ſeveral round Veſuvius; and although half way up to the crater, this ſpot is ſecured from the lava by a ridge which ſeparates it from the great cone; and ſhould the burning matter run in this direction, it would be thrown on each ſide. But it is not impoſſible that he may ſome day be ſurrounded by it; and he is always expoſed to the ſtones and aſhes thrown up by the mountain.

At three o'clock the next morning we prepared for the grand aſcent, but it rained ſo hard that our guide aſſured us it was impoſſible to proceed; and, to our infinite diſappointment, the weather did not clear up till after daylight. We then took leave of our friendly hermit, and after ſcrambling over large fields of rough lava, in leſs than two hours reached the crater—an unfathomable fiery gulph, ſunk from the ſummit of a monſtrous cone, which riſes above every other branch of the mountain. It emits

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an amazing column of ſmoke, ſo ſtrongly impregnated with ſulphur, that it was not without danger of being ſuffocated, that we were able to look down it, even on the ſide from which the wind blew.

The ſmoke and daylight prevented our ſeeing to any depth, but at night I imagine that we ſhould occaſionally have diſcerned fire at the bottom. We repeatedly heard a rumbling noiſe, not ſo much like that of thunder, as of a brazen carriage rolling over a bridge. Theſe were ſucceeded by ſmall exploſions, which threw up large quantities of ſtones, accompanied by a flame, which the light prevented our ſeeing to advantage.

Whilſt the mountain is in this dangerous ſtate, it is impoſſible to meaſure the circumference of the crater exactly,

but I am led to think that it has been exaggerated, and that it does not exceed three hundred yards. Its ſides however ſometimes fall in, and then the circumference may be much greater.

Figure to yourſelf what a volume of ſmoke may be emitted from ſuch a ſource, and what an overwhelming torrent of liquid fire ſuch a gulph may produce! Our ſhoes were burnt in getting to its edge, for it is ſurrounded either with new lava, or a hot, droſſy ſubſtance powdered with ſulphur.

Sometimes the mountain is perfectly quiet for weeks together, but it has been ſmoking ever ſince we arrived, with occaſional exploſions, which threaten an approaching eruption. There was a ſlight one a few days before we entered the bay, but the lava only deſcended about a mile from the crater. It is ſtill

red hot, and at night may be ſeen at many leagues diſtance.

The phenomena of lava and burning mountains have been variouſly explained by different philoſophers. Some, and theſe men of reputation too, have followed the idea of the ancients, and ſuppoſe the center of the earth to be fire, to which they are ſo extravagant as to imagine volcanos are the chimneys. Others ſuppoſe them to be occaſioned by the fermentation of fireſtone, ſulphur, and iron, the exploſions of nitre, of aqueous ſteam violently heated, or of air pent up and greatly rarefied. All theſe doubtleſs aſſiſt, or contribute to the formation of volcanos, but the only inexhauſtible ſource of fire that I am informed of, is the electric fluid, whoſe powers were not diſcovered before the middle of this century. This is nothing more than the light of the ſun abſorbed by the earth, which of courſe muſt be

again emitted, juſt as we receive in rain, the water and the damps he exhales from us. Whenever, therefore, the electric fluid is abſorbed in larger quantities than the general outlets can return, it acts with uncommon violence, and breaks forth either by an earthquake, or an eruption. When this happens, and the eruption is not very violent, the burning matter riſes gradually from the bottom to the top of the crater, and when it has filled it, it runs over like the boiling of an immenſe caldron. But ſometimes it ſcorns all bounds, and the crater, monſtrous as it is, being inſufficient to give vent to its violence, the ſide of the mountain is burſt open, and thrown with inconceivable force to an immeaſurable height in the air. The lava then ruſhes forth in an impetuous torrent of liquid fire, overwhelming every thing in its courſe. That of 1767 was ſix miles long and two wide, and in ſome places, where it paſt over cavities,

vities, it was ſixty or ſeventy feet deep.

Eruptions are generally preceded and cloſed by an immenſe diſcharge of ſtones and aſhes, which often create more deſtruction than the lava itſelf.

For ſome time after the eruption, the lava has the appearance of melted glaſs, after which the upper part breaks into large pieces of a kind of droſs, which, in the courſe of time crumble into mould, and form the richeſt ſoil imaginable, whilſt the lower becomes hard ſtone. But this is the proceſs of many years, and conſequently great part of Veſuvius is horridly barren, whilſt the reſt is moſt beautifully cultivated.

A fog deprived us of the view from the top of the mountain; but, by what I ſaw at the Hermitage, I think it would have been impoſſible to deſcribe it. The

bay of Naples is upwards of fifty miles in circumference, and the variety of curious and beautiful objects, which ſtrike the eye in every direction, render it one of the moſt pleaſing and intereſting ſights which it is poſſible to behold. The capital of the kingdom is in the center, with a ſuperb Carthuſian monaſtery, and the Caſtle of St. Ilmo above it. On the weſt the public walk of the Chiaja, adorned with ſeveral elegant fountains, and a double row of trees. Beyond it Mount Pauſilippe, with the Tomb of Virgil; the road and town of Puzzoli; the Solfaterra, and Monte Nuovo; the remains of the Lucrine Lake, and the ruins of Baia, bounded by the celebrated Cape of Miſenus, and the Iſle of Iſchia. On the eaſt the gardens, palace, and muſeum of Portici, built over the ruins of Herculaneum, Mount Veſuvius throwing forth an amazing volume of ſmoke in a variety of ſhapes, according to the wind, with its baſe

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covered with vineyards, convents, and villas, riſing out of the aſhes of Pompeia and Stabia. Beyond theſe Caſtello Mare, cloſed by the Promontory of Gampenela, and the Iſland of Capria. The whole country is in the higheſt ſtate of cultivation, richly clothed with beautiful trees, moſt of which are evergreens.

The entrance of the bay is on the ſouth-weſt ſide, and is near fifteen miles wide. Off the town there are two moles, one for the King's galleys, the other for the larger men of war and merchantmen, with three caſtles to defend them. But notwithſtanding theſe works, and the Citadel of St. Ilmo, which, from its height, is unaſſailable, and that its garriſon is ſheltered by excellent caſemates, I think ten ſail of the line might lay this capital in aſhes, as a firſt rate man of war may lie cloſe to the ſhore.

By

By Sir William Hamilton's deſire, we, this morning, took a boat from the Pearl, and after rowing along the weſt ſide of the town, and paſſing the ruins of Queen Joan's Palace, landed at a ſmall village, he was ſo good as to point out to us, in the neighbourhood of which we ſaw the remains of Pollio's Villa, with the ſubterranean fiſh-ponds, in which he uſed to feed lampreys on human fleſh. There are ſome buſts of his family in the garden, and ſeveral inſcriptions to remind us of his abominable luxury.

LETTER VIII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, September 24th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON a hill, a little without this city, the King has a palace, called Capo de Monté, in which there is a muſeum, and a numerous collection of paintings, the beſt of which is Titian's celebrated Danaæ. Nothing can be more beautiful, or expreſſive of enjoyment, than her face, or more elegantly ſhaped than her perſon: but, dared I ſuppoſe it poſſible to improve the deſign of ſo perfect a maſter, I would ſay, that, for Jupiter's ſake, I wiſh that her knees were leſs drawn up.

Scidon's

Scidon's Charity is a divine figure, and, if poſſible, exalts that heavenly virtue.

The Dead Chriſt, by A. Carraccio; Mary Magdalen, by Giucino; Peter denying Chriſt, by Morillo; the Virgin Mary, with St. Ann, Jeſus, and John the Baptiſt, by Raphael, are among the beſt pieces.

The muſeum contains a complete ſet of medals in gold, ſilver and copper, of all the Roman Emperors; a variety of beautiful cameos, antique vaſes, and a copy of the Farneſe Bull.

Our next grand object was to viſit the recovered towns of Herculaneum and Pompeia, which, after being buried near ſeventeen hundred years, were again brought to light by the preſent * King of Spain, whilſt he was on the throne of Naples.

* Died on the 13th of December, 1788.

Theſe

Theſe towns were loſt in the reign of Titus, by the memorable eruption of Veſuvius, in the year of our Lord 79, when the mountain threw forth ſuch a torrent of ſtones and lava, that Herculaneum and Stabia were buried near eighty feet deep in aſhes, conſolidated by liquid fire.

In the revolution of ſo many ages, the ſpot they ſtood upon was entirely forgotten: but, towards the end of the laſt century, ſome inſcriptions were found, which led to a diſcovery of their ſituation; but it was not till the year 1738, that any public excavations were made.

The King met with ſo much ſucceſs in his firſt attempt, that, notwithſtanding the expence of digging through ſixty or eighty feet of hard ſtone, he laid open a conſiderable part of Herculaneum; but the difficulty of removing the rubbiſh induced his Majeſty to fill it up again

again as he went on, after collecting all the moveables of any conſequence. The theatre alone is left open. It is larger than any in England; and the ends of the beams, burnt to coal, are ſtill ſeen ſticking in the walls; but all the ornaments that withſtood the eruption are removed to Portici.

No lava having ever gone over the aſhes which buried Pompeia, it was much eaſier cleared. Three diviſions are quite open. The firſt is a ſmall ſquare, which, our Cicerone told us, was the ſoldiers quarters. There are ſeveral ſmall apartments round it; in one of which we ſaw the ſkeletons of ſeventeen poor wretches, who were confined by the ancles in an iron machine. Many other bodies were found, ſome of them in circumſtances which plainly ſhew that they were endeavouring to eſcape when the eruption overtook them. Near the barracks, there is a theatre, and a temple

of

of Iſis; but, as all their ornaments have been removed, they have now little but their antiquity to make them worth ſeeing.

But a little farther, two ſtreets, with all their houſes, are entirely cleared, and look like a ſmall town, lately abandoned. The ſtreets are juſt wide enough for two carriages to paſs each other; and the ruts worn by the wheels, are ſtill to be ſeen, as well as names, and ſeveral military figures, cut in a rough manner by the ſoldiers on the walls of their quarters. A path is raiſed on each ſide of the ſtreet, for foot paſſengers.

Moſt of the houſes have a terrace at top, in the Italian ſtyle; and ſome of them have baths and ſtoves to heat the walls. The floors, in general, are paved with moſaic of the common kind; and the ſides of the rooms were all ornamented with paintings on the bare

plaſter, which we call *in diſtemper*. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful; but moſt of the beſt have been taken away. Among thoſe that remain, the moſt ſtriking are, Narciſſus pining for his own figure; Orpheus and Eurydice; Diana and Endymion; variety of dogs and game; ſeveral diſhes of fiſh, fowl and vegetables; a capital helmet; ſome beautiful landſcapes, and light feſtoons of the moſt elegant patterns: all as perfect as the day they were painted.

A little without the gates, we ſaw the burying-place of the Terentian family. It is a ſmall pile, with a tower in the center, with niches for the urns, and ſeveral diſtorted, weeping faces on the walls. In one of the wells in the town, we found ſeveral ſkulls, which were thrown there when the houſes were cleared out.

About a quarter of a mile farther, we came to a noble villa, which, from its

its ſize, and the furniture found in it, muſt have belonged to ſome perſon of conſequence. The lower part is inhabited by ſome peaſants, who cultivate the garden within the court, and who preſented us with ſome of the grapes which it produces. The cellars form three ſides of a ſquare, under the terrace in front of the houſe, each ſide one hundred and ſixty feet long. We were ſhewn ſeveral jars, whoſe contents were ſolid, and which, at the time of the eruption, were full of wine.

From hence we drove to Portici, to ſee the muſeum, where every thing taken out of Pompeia and Herculaneum is collected. It conſiſts of ſixteen rooms, in which the different articles are arranged with very great taſte. The floors are paved with moſaic, taken up from the recovered towns, and the walls of the court are lined with inſcriptions.

Excluſive of buſts and ſtatues, medals, and intaglios, lamps and tripods, innumerable; there is not an article uſed by the ancients, of which a ſpecimen may not be ſeen in this muſeum. We were ſhewn ſome Houſehold Gods, and every implement uſed in worſhip, or ſacrifice, agriculture, and cookery. A kitchen completely furniſhed, in a ſtyle that would do juſtice to a London Alderman. Several ſcales, weights, and meaſures, and different inſtruments of muſic and ſurgery. Some loaves of bread, with the maker's name. Different kinds of ſhell fruit. Tickets of admiſſion for the theatre, and, what rather leſſened our veneration for the ancients, ſome loaded dice, and a box of rouge. They had mirrors too, which were of braſs highly poliſhed, for they had not the art of making glaſs reflect by quickſilver.

One of the apartments is filled with obſcene devices, particularly rings, which were

were worn by the chaſteſt matrons, as charms againſt ſterility; for the Romans accuſtomed their women to this kind of objects, juſt as they did their youth to danger, that they might learn to behold them unmoved. This accounts for the very great number that have been found. Some of them are highly laughable. But the moderns have learned more delicacy; and this apartment is never expoſed to the ladies.

The *Satyr and She Goat* was thought ſo dangerous a repreſentation, that it was very properly removed to a ſeparate houſe; and nothing but its exquiſite workmanſhip prevented its being deſtroyed.

It is much to be lamented that the article which might be of moſt ſervice to mankind, is the moſt difficult to be recovered, I mean the ancient books. Theſe were written on ſcrolls rolled up,

and by the heat of the aſhes, were burnt into the appearance of charcoal. No pains have been ſpared to unfold them, but the operation is attended with ſuch immenſe difficulty, that as yet but four have been brought to light, and theſe in ſo mutilated a ſtate, that though the letters which are left are perfect, I fear they can never be of any real uſe. But this by no means leſſens the merit of Padre Piaggi and his pupils. It is miraculous that they have ſucceeded ſo well; and their ingenuity and perſeverance cannot be too much applauded.

Several of the rooms in the Palace of Portici, which is adjoining to the muſeum, are lined with the paintings cut out of Pompeia; but though they are reckoned the beſt, they do not appear to me to equal thoſe that remain on their native walls.

The

The equeſtrian ſtatues of Marcus Nonius Balbus, and his ſon, at the foot of the great ſtaircaſe, are both remarkably light and elegant. One has the greater pleaſure in admiring them, from their being a tribute to virtue, erected after their death by the citizens of Herculaneum, of which they were Proconſuls.

Portici is about ſix miles from Naples, at the foot of Veſuvius; the theatre of Herculaneum is a little beyond the Palace, and Pompeia about ſeven miles farther, all on the great road to Caſtello Mare. No excavations having been made at Stabia, we did not go there.

LETTER IX.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, September 27th.

MY DEAR SIR,

ENGAGEMENTS in Naples, which we could not decline, and the ſhortneſs of our ſtay, allowed us to make but one more excurſion to the country. This was to the new palace at Caſertta. The outſide has nothing to boaſt of but the grandeur of its ſize; but for convenience, the plan is, perhaps, the beſt which has ever been laid out. It is a ſquare of ſix hundred feet each ſide; and that no room may be loſt, the interior court is divided into four, by a range of buildings in the ſhape of a croſs, the head of which forms a moſt

mag-

magnificent church, lined with the marble from the Temple of Serapis at Puzzoli. It hath not many paintings, but that of the Preſentation is reckoned ineſtimable. I do not mean to criticiſe this admirable work, but it is natural to imagine that the painter intended the Virgin Mary to be his principal character, and yet, in ſpite of myſelf, my attention was conſtantly drawn from her to the ſurrounding figures.

The great ſtaircaſe forms one of the fineſt *coup d'oeils* of the kind I ever beheld. It is in the center of the whole edifice, oppoſite the church gates. The dome is painted with Apollo and the Muſes, in a circle, and the four ſeaſons in the corners. The ſteps and baluſtrade are all of marble of different colours, on a very grand ſcale, crowned with two capital lions. If any fault can be found with this elegant piece of architecture, it is that the area below

is too ſmall in proportion to the grandeur of this part of the building.

It is intended that this Palace ſhall contain apartments for all the Officers of State, &c. who by the ſkill of the architect, will be moſt conveniently lodged; as yet, however, none but thoſe of the King are completed. Theſe are finiſhed in the richeſt ſtyle, and with a neatneſs and elegance that prevents our being dazzled by their magnificence. The walls are waſhed with light colours (for the Italians uſe no paper), with elegant mouldings of gold and ſilver, and the ceilings are adorned with a variety of moſt beautiful paintings. That of the Three Graces in the Queen's bath, is a moſt maſterly piece; they have juſt been bathing, the beauty of their faces and ſymmetry of their perſons, are beyond deſcription.

Several

Several of the lower rooms are filled with ſtatues, not yet put up. The beſt is Agrippina ſitting on a chair, with her feet out, ſo very natural, that I was on the point of bowing to her. The Theatre is nothing extraordinary. The aqueduct we had not time to ſee.

St. Januarius is the tutelar ſaint of the Neapolitans. His feaſt is now celebrating. The people out of doors affect to laugh at the idea of his blood liquifying, but when the pretended miracle was performed, all of them kiſſed the phial with great fervour. The *Nobile* have given an oratorio in honor of him; Sir William Hamilton ſent us tickets for it.

During this feſtival the operas are ſuſpended; which has prevented our ſeeing more than two. The Theatre of St. Carlos, performers, dreſſes, &c. are,

are, in every reſpect, ſuperior to ours; and yet, inſtead of half-a-guinea, the price of admittance is only about eighteen pence.

In England, the ſingers are never obliged to exert themſelves for any time together: here I have heard *La Banti* in a cantata that hath required a conſtant exertion for near half an hour; *Tomeone*, though leſs powerful, is more pleaſing: in *Pace caro mio Spoſo*, ſhe is abſolutely incomparable. The Coltalines make too many faces; and this is often the caſe with the men; but, however hideous in private parties, it is not much obſerved on the ſtage. Their dances are longer than ours, and, when they form part of the piece, are accompanied by voices.

It would be preſumption to attempt to deſcribe the manners of the Italians on ſo ſhort an acquaintance. Suffice it to ſay,

ſay, that we have been treated with the utmoſt attention; that the people are remarkably partial to our nation; and that being an Engliſh Officer is a ſufficient introduction to the firſt company.

If the lower ſort have ſometimes taken advantage of our inexperience, it is no more than we have ſuffered at home; for, who are more impoſing, particularly to foreigners, than the publicans, waiters, and all that claſs of people, in England?

In ſhort, I ſhould be apt to give a very high character of the Neapolitans, had I not been told that they do not merit the favorable opinion I have formed of them, and that the civility of the men often ends in winning your money, whilſt that of the women proceeds from an amorous diſpoſition, tinctured with avarice: but all this it would be ungenerous to believe, ſince we have not experienced an inſtance of either.

The

The frailty of women I can pity, as well as condemn: but how a lady can ſell her virtue, is, though perhaps it may be accounted for here, what Engliſhmen I hope will never comprehend.

The Princeſs Belmonté is particularly entitled to our regard. Her fortune renders her ſuperior to any ſordid views; and yet ſhe has always been remarkable for the kindeſt attention to our countrymen. Her Highneſs invited us to a party at her caſino, and ſhewed us a room entirely furniſhed in the Engliſh ſtyle, with the beſt productions of Bunbury, Hamilton and Strange.

We have been at ſeveral *converſazioni*, which, in the principal houſes, include every other amuſement. A ſuit of rooms is thrown open; the largeſt for a promenade in ſummer, and dancing in winter; the next for muſic; a third for billiards; a fourth for fruit, ices, &c. and the

the reſt for cards and dice. But, if only four or five people meet together, the Italians call it a *converſazione*.

The Court has been at Caſtello Mare ever ſince we arrived. We mean to call there on our way out of the bay; and Lord Hervey, from whom we have received the greateſt civilities, has promiſed to accompany us. His Lordſhip is one of the King's moſt intimate friends; and Lady Hervey, whoſe gentleneſs and good ſenſe inſure her the hearts of all thoſe who have the honour to approach her, is particularly eſteemed and reſpected by the Queen, and all the Italian nobility.

I mentioned before, that the Spaniards ceded Naples to the Emperor, by the Treaty of Utrecht; but Philip V. of Spain's ſecond wife, Elizabeth Farneſe, heireſs to the Duke of Parma, giving him a pretence for invading Italy, in her

right, he made a conqueſt of Sicily and Naples: but the other European Powers obliged him to form them into a ſeparate kingdom, and to give it to Charles, his eldeſt ſon by the Princeſs of Parma.—A. D. 1735.

All Philip's children by his firſt marriage dying without iſſue, Charles ſucceeded to the crown of Spain, and reſigned Sicily and Naples to his third ſon, Ferdinand IV. the preſent King, the eldeſt being an ideot, and the ſecond becoming Prince of the Aſturias, and heir to Spain.

A.D. 1759.

The government, being founded on conqueſt, is of courſe deſpotic. The King generally keeps up near thirty thouſand men, who ſeem to be tolerable troops. The officers are obliged to have a public military education, and are aſtoniſhed that this is not the caſe with us. The navy conſiſts of three two-deckers,

deckers, about a dozen frigates, and twenty galleys. They are at war with the Algerines, but ſeldom take a prize.

The revenue of the King of Naples is near a million ſterling. When ſupplies are wanted, his Majeſty has only to iſſue an edict, mentioning the cauſe, and the manner in which they are to be raiſed. He generally ſays, that it is by the deſire of his Council, which only conſiſts of his principal Miniſters, and the Queen, who is allowed a conſiderable ſhare in the adminiſtration of the kingdom, from its independence being in a manner obtained through the female line, as I conjecture; for the ſhort time I have been in this country has not permitted me to make myſelf maſter of its laws, which, as well as ſeveral other matters, I muſt paſs over till my return. As to churches and convents, I will not detain you with any account of them; for they are

nearly alike in moſt Roman Catholic ſtates.

Naples is in Lat. 40° 53′, Long. 14° 12′ Eaſt, and, by the ſhorteſt courſe, about a thouſand miles from Gibraltar.

LETTER X.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Off Salerno, October 2d.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LORD Hervey and Captain Barnard, who have had the goodneſs to accompany us thus far, being about to leave us, I embrace this opportunity of ſending you a continuation of my Journal; a form of writing, which, in conformity to your wiſhes, I ſhall always prefer whenever we are at ſea.

Friday, September 28th.

At four o'clock, yeſterday afternoon, we got under way, in order to pay the King of Naples a viſit a Caſtello Mare. We were becalmed all night; and his

Majeſty, being apprized of our approach, came out to meet us at day-break, this morning. He was in a man of war brig of fourteen guns, attended by another of the ſame force. As ſoon as he was within about two miles, he got into his barge, and, there being but little wind, rowed on board us. We received him with a royal ſalute.

His Majeſty went all over the ſhip, praiſed every part of her, ſeemed much pleaſed, and, with a moſt engaging condeſcenſion, thanked us for the honor we did him, and invited the principal perſons on board to dine at his caſino. On leaving the ſhip, he was again ſaluted with twenty-one guns.

Immediately afterwards his Majeſty ſent the officers a preſent of ſome very fine fiſh of his own catching, and in the afternoon rowed out again to take another view of the ſhip.

Caſtello

Caſtello Mare is the King's dock-yard. Every thing is in high order; but it is entirely defenceleſs, and does not give an Engliſhman a very formidable idea of the Neapolitan Navy.

There is a village adjoining, above which the King has built a ſmall palace, or caſino, in a moſt charming ſituation, with a full view of the bay. Here his Majeſty generally ſpends great part of the ſummer, and enjoys his favorite amuſements of fiſhing and ſhooting, water parties, and ſhip-building.

The King of Naples is thirty-ſix years old, well made, and rather tall; lean enough to enjoy all his diverſions, of a fair complexion, light hair, and an affable, open countenance.

Notwithſtanding the heavy taxes requiſite to the ſupport of his navy and army, he is adored by his ſubjects, from

the confidence he repoſes in them, and becauſe, in affairs of ſtate, he is always their champion. But if he has ſometimes ſuffered his partiality for the Queen to get the better of his judgment, his people are ſenſible that love always predominates in the moſt generous breaſts.

Her Majeſty is a year younger than her huſband. She is ſiſter to the Emperor of Germany, and to the Queen of France, and is accuſed of being extremely ambitious, which the King's eaſy temper, by giving her the aſcendency in politics, rather increaſes. In her youth ſhe muſt have been amazingly handſome; for notwithſtanding her having eight children living, there is ſtill ſomething very ſtriking about her; and her charms, it is ſaid, are as powerful as ever on the King. There is no believing half the ſtories one hears; and when they tend to ſcandal or immorality, it is

is unjuſt to repeat any on mere report.

In the evening we got under way, and with a light breeze ſailed out of the Bay of Naples, between Capria and Cape Gampenela.

September 29th.

Becalmed on the coaſt of Salerno. Nothing can be more beautifully pictureſque. From the water's edge to the tops of the mountains, not a vacant ſpot is to be ſeen. The whole face of the country is covered with vines, trees, and houſes, mixed together in the prettieſt confuſion imaginable.

In the afternoon we landed; but the people being ſuſpicious of us, we could not gain admittance to any of their houſes for a conſiderable time. At length a prieſt, after having carefully examined us from his miranda, opened his doors,

treated us with great hoſpitality, and laughed at the ignorance of his people.

September 30th.

The Iſland of Capria is ſtill in ſight. Paſſed the Bay of Salerno, and the wind being light and contrary, brought to off Peſtum. Went on ſhore to examine the ruins.

This ancient city, which flouriſhed before the foundation of Rome, was deſtroyed by the Goths on the decline of the Roman Empire, and in their zeal for the chriſtian religion, theſe fierce barbarians overturned every place of Pagan worſhip expoſed to their ravages.

The arch of the eaſt gate of the town is ſtill ſtanding. But of a multitude of beautiful temples, not a column of any one is left, except of three, which being

being compoſed of common ſtone, the barbarians were ſatisfied with deſtroying the roofs. Two of theſe are cloſe to each other. The one has nine columns in front, and eighteen on each ſide; the other has ſix by fourteen. Each of the columns is ſix feet in diameter, and the ſpace between them is eight feet. Both of theſe temples are of the Doric order. The third is of the Corinthian. They are all three noble edifices, and the columns, with a great part of the entablature, are ſtill perfect. Signor Pitelli, a painter whom we brought from Naples, is buſily employed in taking plans of them.

The walls of the city are above two miles in circumference, and eighteen feet thick, and are eaſily traced, as well as the mole, which the ſea by an earthquake has left dry.

In the middle of the town there was a famous amphitheatre, one hundred and twenty-eight feet in length. Enough of the ground work is left to give a juſt idea of its conſtruction; and the entrance, with arched paſſages on each ſide for the wild beaſts, is ſtill tolerably perfect.

October 1ſt.

Signor Pitelli not having finiſhed the plans, and the wind continuing contrary, we carried him on ſhore again to-day. Here, in a farm-houſe, amidſt theſe ruins of antiquity, we ſaw the modern method of drying figs, and making raiſins. The operation is very ſimple. Expoſe the fruit to the ſun for eight or ten days, then bake it, and when packing up, ſprinkle a little flour between the layers.

Peſtum

Peſtum was founded by one of thoſe Grecian colonies, who, in the early ages, eſtabliſhed themſelves in Italy, whence this country derived the appellation of Magna Grecia.

LETTER XI.

October 2d.

LORD Hervey took leave of us this morning off Salerno, and had ſcarce made the ſhore in a boat that attended his Lordſhip, before we were attacked by an adverſe gale of wind, which obliged us to ſtand towards the weſt, pretty cloſe to Capria, and, I aſſure you, it is with no ſmall ſatisfaction, that we find ourſelves ſufficiently to windward to fetch the Bay of Naples, ſhould the ſtorm increaſe.

October 3d.

The gale having moderated, we tacked at one A. M. and at noon the wind became

came fair, but has left a heavy ſea againſt us.

October 4th.

At eight A. M. were in ſight of Strombolo, the moſt northern of the Lipari Iſlands, which are ſuppoſed to be of volcanic origin, that is, thrown up by eruptions occaſioned by fire under the ſea, whence Virgil makes them the reſidence of Vulcan.

They are alſo ſuppoſed to have given riſe to the fable of Eolus, from one of their Kings of this name, who, by attending to the ſmoke of the neighbouring iſlands, had learned to foretell how the wind would blow.

Homer carries Ulyſſes to Lipari, the capital of that monarch, who, compaſſionating his ſufferings, made him a preſent of the different winds confined in ſeparate bags, that he might uſe them

at his pleaſure; but when they got in ſight of Ithaca, his companions, ignorant of the contents, untying the adverſe ones, he was driven back in a violent ſtorm, and thus renewed his former woes.

The caſe is different with us: calms and light variable breezes have kept us in ſight of Strombolo the whole day. The volcano is on its ſouth-weſt ſide, in ſo fortunate a ſituation for the inhabitants, that they have little to fear from eruptions; for the crater is about one fifth of the height of the iſland below its ſummit, and is ſurrounded on every ſide but that neareſt the ſea, by large cliffs, which ſeem to overhang it on purpoſe to check the eruption when it takes any other direction; for the ſtones and aſhes which it caſts forth, rebounding from the rocks above, are either again ſwallowed up, or thrown down the ſouth-weſt ſide into the ocean.

In the afternoon, there was an exploſion like the ſpringing of a ſmall mine. The ſmoke occaſioned by this, being quickly diſpelled, it reſumed its former ſtate, which, at the diſtance of five leagues, appeared exactly like that which iſſues from a large double chimney. At this time it bore S. S. E.

At duſk, it looked like a lime-kiln, and every three or four minutes emitted a flame, which blazed for a few ſeconds like a furnace on fire.

During the night, it appeared in all its glory, with every ſymptom of an approaching grand eruption. The crater ſeemed full of burning matter, boiling on its ſurface, and every now and then throwing up a large column of red-hot ſtones, which bounded down the ſide of the mountain into the ſea, and, in a manner ſetting fire to the air as they flew through it, formed one of the grandeſt

grandeſt ſights it is poſſible to conceive. The beautiful effect of theſe flying red-hot rocks was not loſt until they had been ſome ſeconds under water.

Formerly there were only ſeven of theſe iſlands, now there are eleven; and, from the active ſtate of Strombolo, which is conſiderably detached from the reſt, I ſhould not be ſurpriſed to hear that another iſland was thrown up near it: but ſuch an event, although often reported, I can aſſure you, has not lately happened here. The laſt phenomenon of this kind that has been thoroughly authenticated, is in the Archipelago, which, in a few weeks, I hope to viſit.

All the Lipari iſlands have had volcanoes in their time; but moſt of them have been extinct for many centuries. The whole are ſubject to the King of Naples, and add a conſiderable ſum to his revenue, from the trade they carry on

on in wine, alum, ſulphur, and dried fruit. The wine is famous; I taſted ſome of it at Naples, but did not think it equal to its reputation.

Friday, October 5th.

At day-break, Strombolo was two leagues aſtern. It looks like a huge rock riſing boldly out of the ſea, ſeems to be about twelve miles in circumference, and has a ſmall town on the ſouth-eaſt ſide. The coaſt of Calabria, and of Sicily, alſo in ſight. Latitude, at mid-day, 38° 37′.

At ſun-ſet, we entered the celebrated ſtraits of Scylla and Charybdis, and, in leſs than an hour and a half, anchored at Meſſina.

LETTER XII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Meſſina, October 8th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MESSINA, which was formerly in ſo flouriſhing a ſtate, and which was accounted one of the prettieſt cities in the world, is now exactly in the condition of Gibraltar during the ſiege; and the inhabitants live in juſt ſuch miſerable places as the huts of Black-town and Windmill-hill.

The front of the town extended along the water ſide, for above two thouſand yards, in the form of a creſcent, adorned with pilaſters and pediments, and a grand eſplanade open to the ſea,

ſea, which at once formed a noble pier, and a delightful public walk, flanked by a fort at each end. The houſes were built with great taſte, all four ſtories high, and nearly alike.

Of this beautiful and magnificent range, only the outſide ſhell remains; the reſt, with all the town, except one or two of the ſtrongeſt churches, was entirely deſtroyed by the dreadful earthquake in 1783.

The center of that tremendous convulſion was at Oppido, in Calabria. Every thing within twenty miles was entirely overwhelmed, and ſeveral towns, with all their inhabitants, completely ſwallowed up, not the ſmalleſt veſtige of them being left. Scarce a place within ſeventy-two miles of Oppido but felt the ſhock. By the return made to the Secretary of State, the number of people loſt, amounted to thirty-two thouſand,

three hundred and ſixty-ſeven ſouls; and we were told by Sir William Hamilton, that there were ſeveral thouſand ſtrangers, travellers, &c. who were not included in that return.

It is by no means uncommon to hear of the Italians ſcourging their ſaints when they are overtaken by any miſfortune; but, ſince this dreadful calamity, St. Agatha, the Protectreſs of Sicily, is more venerated than ever; for, notwithſtanding the loſs of their property, ſhe has the credit of having defended her votaries from the cataſtrophe with which their neighbours on the oppoſite coaſt were overwhelmed; and every Sunday night the opera ends with a little piece in her honor.

There is ſomething ſo amiable in this univerſal gratitude and thankſgiving in the midſt of abſolute ruin, that it is impoſſible not to admire the minds that

are

are capable of ſuch virtue, even though actuated by ſuperſtition. But, indeed, if we compare Meſſina with ſeveral other places, we may reckon her peculiarly fortunate, ſince, though the town is deſtroyed, only nine hundred people periſhed.

At the time of the earthquake, the Meſſinians had ſcarce recovered from the ravages of the plague of 1743. This ſecond blow has completely broken their ſpirit, and obliged them to relinquiſh the hope of ever ſeeing their city rebuilt; the King of Naples having ordered that none of the houſes in the Creſcent ſhall be roofed, until they are raiſed to their former height. The inhabitants have remonſtrated, by ſaying, that they cannot bear the expence; but his Majeſty is unwilling that they ſhould loſe ſo beautiful an ornament.

Even Scylla and Charybdis have been almoſt ſubdued by the repeated convulſions of this part of the earth, and by the violence of the current, which is continually increaſing the breadth of the Straits. If proper allowance be made for theſe circumſtances, we ſhall acquit the ancients of any exaggeration, notwithſtanding the very dreadful colours in which they have painted this paſſage. It is formed by a low peninſula, called Cape Pelorus, ſtretching to the eaſtward on the Sicilian ſide, immediately within which lies the famous whirlpool of Charybdis, and by the Rocks of Scylla, which a few miles below on the Calabrian ſhore, project towards the weſt. The current runs with ſurpriſing force from one to the other alternately in the direction of the tide, and the tides themſelves are very irregular. Thus, veſſels by ſhunning the one were in the utmoſt danger of being ſwallowed up by the other.

At

At preſent, in moderate weather, when the tide is either at ebb or flood, boats paſs all over the whirlpool, but, in general, it is like the meeting of two contending currents, with a number of eddies all around. And, even now, there is ſcarcely a winter in which there are not ſome wrecks.

At the time we paſſed the ſtrait, the weather was as favourable as we could wiſh, and yet, in ſpite of a ſtrong breeze and the current, which hurried us on with ſurpriſing velocity, the ſhip's head was ſuddenly whirled round near three points; but the wind blowing freſh, in a few ſeconds ſhe daſhed through the eddy that had caught her—for, to avoid Scylla, and ſecure Meſſina, we had kept pretty cloſe to Charybdis.

The entrance of theſe ſtraits is, I am convinced, not leſs than three miles wide, but I have never heard it allowed to be ſo much. After paſſing Charybdis, the ſea immediately widens, but Cape Pelorus and Scylla in a manner croſſing each other, the paſſage cannot be perceived until you are on the point of entering it, which gave riſe to a tradition, that Hannibal, fancying himſelf betrayed and land-locked, put his Pilot Pelorus to death; but that, as an atonement, he afterwards erected a ſtatue to his memory, from which the Cape took its name. This action, however, is ſo contradictory to the hiſtory, experience, and diſpoſition of Hannibal, that nobody could ever have raiſed ſuch a ſtory, but one who had never read the life of this magnanimous hero.

Few countries have experienced more revolutions than Sicily; the richneſs of

the ſoil and the temperature of the climate, added to its commanding ſituation, having always made it an object of attraction. After the dark ages it was ſucceſſively poſſeſſed by the Greeks, and the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Goths, and the Saracens.

In later times, it has generally ſhared the fate of Naples; but by the Treaty of Utrecht, it was given to the Duke of Savoy, who, however, was ſoon obliged, by the Quadruple Alliance, to return it to the Emperor, in exchange for Sardinia. The Spaniards ſeized this opportunity of renewing their claims, and ſent a large armament, which had ſubdued the whole iſland, except Meſſina, which they were beſieging, when Sir George Byng appeared with the Britiſh fleet.

The Spaniſh ſquadron, apprized of his approach, paſſed through the ſtraits, and ſtood to the ſouthward; Sir George purſued and brought it to action. Our fleet conſiſted of twenty-one ſail of the line, carrying 1400 guns, the enemy's of eighteen, carrying 992 guns. Both ſides fought bravely, but our ſuperior numbers ſoon prevailed. Don Antonio de Caſteneta, the Spaniſh Admiral, was taken priſoner, and only ſeven of his two-deckers eſcaped, of which the greater part were afterwards burnt at Meſſina, and one was loſt in the Gulf of Tarento. Many of the frigates were alſo taken.

April 11th, 1718.

Six line of battle ſhips, and as many ſmaller men of war, which ſeparated from the main body of the Spaniſh fleet, at the commencement of the action, were purſued by Commodore Walton, and every one taken or burnt; on which

occaſion he wrote this famous letter. "We have taken or deſtroyed all the "enemy's ſhips and veſſels on the coaſt, "as per margin."

After this victory, Sir George Byng convoyed an army from the continent, and beſieged the citadel of Meſſina, which the enemy's troops had now taken; and when the place was nearly reduced, a diſpute ariſing among the allies on ſhore, about the Spaniſh men of war in the mole, Sir George, knowing that it is more our intereſt to reduce the navy of the reſt of Europe, than to increaſe our own, cauſed batteries to be erected for ſhells and red-hot ſhot, and ended the contention, by deſtroying the cauſe.

The loſs of their fleet, and many other diſaſters, obliged the Spaniards to accede to the Quadruple Alliance in 1720, and to relinquiſh their claim to Sicily

Sicily and Sardinia. But the Emperor having forfeited the protection of England, the Spaniards, about fifteen years after this treaty, made themſelves maſters of Sicily and Naples, as I have already related.

Meſſina was ſurrounded on the land ſide by a ſtrong rampart, which, ſince the earthquake, has been entirely neglected. The Citadel is a regular ſquare fort, with ravelins, counterguards, and a good covered way. It ſtands on that part of the neck of land which forms the mole, where this neck joins the iſland, and is kept in excellent condition; yet notwithſtanding its artificial ſtrength, it is of little uſe but as a place of arms, ſince an enemy having poſſeſſion of the town, may deſtroy every veſſel under its guns; but two other ſtrong caſtles ſecure the ſhipping from any inſult from the ſea.

The

The neighbourhood is exceſſively fertile and populous, and we find the people very civil; but in the interior country, I am told they are rather ſavage.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Modon, October 19.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE are, at laſt, arrived on the confines of Greece, a venerable name, now almoſt loſt in that of Turkey in Europe, and its former ſplendour ſo entirely reverſed, that I am particularly fortunate in finding a conveyance for a letter. Here are no poſts in this neglected country, and the people once ſo accompliſhed, are in utter ignorance of what paſſes in the world, except from the vague reports they get from veſſels, which now and then put in here. And this, alas! is the unhappy fate of all the ſouth and eaſtern coaſt of Greece.

But

But before I ſay any thing more of this place, I muſt carry you back to Meſſina, and give you ſome account of our voyage.

Thurſday, October 9th.

We left Meſſina at eleven o'clock this morning, and at twelve paſſed Reggio on the coaſt of Calabria. The country appears extremely barren, but is full of inhabitants and ſmall towns.

Juſt before midnight, when all below were locked in ſleep, and even thoſe upon deck had ſcarce ſtrength to reſiſt the drowſy langour brought on by four hours duty; in this ſilent moment, when ſuperſtition, ever powerful in the mind of the ſailor, gains new force from the ſurrounding gloom, the watch were rouzed with terror and aſtoniſhment, by a ſudden illumination of the whole atmoſphere. Their eyes, inſtantly turned to Heaven, were ſcarce reverted, when every

every part of the ſhip appeared in a blaze, and continued ſo for many ſeconds.

Struck by ſo awful a ſight, in the dead of the night, a general ſilence prevailed, and many, unable to divine the cauſe of ſo ſudden, and ſo tremendous an apparition, thought the laſt day was approaching. Their fears were ſtill increaſed by obſerving through the ſails, an immenſe ball of fire floating in the air a-head of the ſhip; but they were, at length, relieved by its falling into the ſea.

The account our friends gave us the next morning, led us into a diſſertation on fireballs, which philoſophers ſay are produced by an exceeding great power of electricity, gradually accumulated, until the reſiſtance of the atmoſphere being no longer able to ſuſtain it, it drops down ſlowly, and in no particular direction,

rection, not being drawn by any ſubſtance which would attract this electric matter, in the ſhape of common lightning.

October 10th.

Sunſet. A weſterly breeze has carried us paſt Cape Spartevento, and we are now juſt an hundred miles from the coaſt of Sicily. Mount Ætna is ſtill in ſight, and the ſun ſetting directly behind it, forms one of thoſe heavenly ſcenes, which at once affects us with the beautiful and ſublime. Notwithſtanding our very great diſtance, the mountain is ſo many degrees above the horizon, that would day-light continue, we ſhould ſee it twenty miles farther. How great does nature appear in theſe wonderful works!

October 11th.

Lat. 37° 36′. In the laſt twenty-four hours we have run an hundred and forty-

forty-three miles, and are ſo far acroſs the Adriatic, or Gulph of Venice, as to have land in ſight a-head. This breeze is almoſt the only fair one we have had ſince we left Gibraltar, and it is now growing calm.

October 12th.

Sunſet. We are now between Zante and Cephalonia, with the Morea in front. The part of the iſlands near us are very rocky and barren, with no verdure except from ſome ſcattered olive trees, and bruſhwood; but the more diſtant part of Cephalonia appears well cultivated.

Sunday, October 14th.

We lay to all the night before laſt, and yeſterday morning anchored in the harbour of Zante. Lat. 37°. 50′. Long. 21°. 15′. eaſt.

The

The neareſt part of this iſland is nine miles from Cephalonia, and the ſame diſtance from the Morea, and an hundred leagues from Meſſina. It is above ſeventy miles in circumference; contains forty thouſand ſouls, and carries on a very conſiderable trade in dried fruits, particularly currants, ſo called from a corruption of Corinth, from whence the vines were originally imported.

On the hill above the town there is a fort, very advantageouſly ſituated, but much out of repair. It is ſubject to the Venetians, who have now a ſhip of the line and three frigates in the harbour. The ſenior Captain very civilly informed us, that, from his great reſpect for the Engliſh, he would be happy to ſalute us, if we would return gun for gun; to which we readily conſented.

By orders from Venice, the Governor at this juncture, impoſes a quarantine

of ſeven days on all veſſels, even from his own neareſt ports; and therefore, not being allowed to land here, we are going to a leſs frequented part of the iſland, where the quarantine is not enforced.

October 15th.

We got under way yeſterday evening, and the wind not permitting us to continue our voyage, we ſtood to the north-eaſt towards Patras, at the mouth of the Gulf of Lepanto; but the wind changing, we put about at twelve this morning, juſt as we got in ſight of its entrance, near the ſpot on which Don John of Auſtria obtained the celebrated victory over the Turkiſh fleet in the year 1571.

In this cruize we have had a view of Ithaca, in which we were told at Zante, the foundation of Ulyſſes' Palace is ſtill to be traced. His iſland is now

called Little Cephalonia, is about twenty miles long, appears very barren, but is ſaid to be well peopled, though with a very vile race. Zante and the greater Cephalonia alſo belonged to Ulyſſes, and are both deſcribed by the ancients, as being remarkably fertile. The latter is by much the largeſt, the former the moſt productive.

A little to the north of Ithaca, in the Iſland of St. Mauro, is the famous Promontory of Leucate, the Lover's Leap, celebrated by the Spectator, is his beautiful panegyric on the tender Sappho. Even Venus herſelf is ſaid to have been led there by Apollo, to be cured of her paſſion for Adonis.

October 16th.

Wind again contrary. Tacking off Zante, to get into a ſmall bay, where there is a curious ſpring, from which a great quantity of tar oozes; but not

being able to gain the anchorage before ſunſet, and the wind becoming fair for our courſe, we ſtood to the ſouth, and in the night paſſed the Strophades, a ſet of ſmall low iſlands, where Æneas was attacked by the Harpies.

It was not without regret that I paſſed by Zante, without landing there. It was the only place in the Venetian territories we had any chance of viſiting, and I wiſhed much to ſee the effect of a Government, in which Deſpotiſm, in the form of a Republic, makes her votaries believe that Tyranny is Liberty. But by what I could learn from the traders, and a few other people, to whom I had an opportunity of ſpeaking, the police is really ſhocking.

The Governors are generally needy men, but, by accepting fines as a remiſſion for murder, they are ſoon enriched, perhaps by the ruin of the widow

dow and the orphan.—Is your huſband aſſaſſinated—your father murdered? Dry up your tears—your Governor is three guineas richer. Do you remonſtrate? For three guineas more you may let looſe all the demons of revenge.

Thus one murder produces another; whole families are involved in deſtruction, or at beſt live in perpetual alarms; juſtice never interferes, and ſociety is of courſe deſtroyed.

Whilſt reflections of this kind diſtreſs the Philanthrope who viſits Zante, the naturaliſt finds the tar ſpring an object well worthy his curioſity. The trade of the iſland is alſo a ſubject on which I ſhould like to be better informed. On an average, the annual produce in currants is ten million pounds weight. Almoſt the whole of which, beſides nearly the ſame quantity brought from Cephalonia, and the adjacent parts of

the Morea, are taken by the Engliſh, who load thirty veſſels every year.

This trade, however, ſeems to be a very loſing one to us, ſince our productions have no ſale at Zante, and the tin, lead, alum, and a few other articles which we carry to Venice, bear no proportion in value to the fruit we bring home.

It is true, our revenue is conſiderably increaſed by a duty of twenty-three pounds ſterling on every ton of currants, which is one half as much again as the prime coſt, the common price at Zante being fifteen guineas. But this tax is raiſed upon ourſelves, and does not check the importation of this foreign commodity, ſince we conſume three-fourths of what the iſland yields. It might, therefore, as well be levied on ſome of our own productions, as on our hereditary plumb-pudding.

October

October 17th.

Having paſſed two little forts, called the Navarins, at noon we anchored off Modon, Lat. 37°, Long. 15° 45′, diſtant from Gibraltar near fourteen hundred miles. And now, having brought the ſhip to an anchor, I ſhall proceed with the obſervations I introduced at the commencement of this letter.

Modon is a ſmall Turkiſh town, on the ſouth-weſt corner of the Morea, which you recollect is the Peloponneſus of the Ancients, and almoſt an iſland, being ſeparated from the reſt of Greece by the gulph of Lepanto, and only joined to it by the narrow iſthmus of Corinth. After the Greek and Roman ages, it was conquered by the Turks, and afterwards by the Venetians, to whom the former ceded it by the Treaty of Carlowitz, but retook it in 1715, and have maintained it ever ſince, notwithſtanding that, during their laſt war, Modon was taken

by the Ruſſians, who were immediately joined by the Greeks; but the Turks ſending a large army thither, Count Orlow and his troops were obliged to abandon their aſſociates to the fury of their enemies, who maſſacred fifteen thouſand of them.

This is the Turkiſh method of terminating a rebellion, which they ſay is only to be done by deſtroying the ſeeds: but, to palliate their inhumanity, they allege, that, whenever the Greeks have gained any advantage, they have been ſtill more barbarous; that they have ſpared neither age nor ſex; but that, after being guilty of every other brutality to the women, ſo ſacred among Mahometans, not ſatisfied with ſlaying them, they have even carried their revenge ſo far as to expoſe their naked corpſes to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey.

Heaven

Heaven forbid that ſuch cruel barbarity ſhould exiſt. But I cannot pretend to give you a juſt account of the manners and diſpoſitions of theſe two people on ſo ſlight an acquaintance, eſpecially as the light in which they repreſent each other, is very different from that in which they appear to us.

Neſtor's kingdom was in this diſtrict. I have found no antiquities worthy notice; and time does not permit me to take a journey in ſearch of Pylos.

A ſmall caſtle projects into the ſea off Modon; and the town has walls round it; but they are much out of repair. The Governor lives in a wretched hovel, which refuſes admittance neither to the wind nor to the rain. He is civil enough, and all his people ſeem glad to ſee us.

The harbour is formed by a ſet of little iſlands, which lie off the town, at ſome

ſome miles diſtance; the moſt weſtern is the famous Spactaria, the taking of which is one of the moſt noted events in the Peloponneſian war. It is now called the Iſle of Wiſdom; but for what reaſon I cannot gueſs, as it is totally uninhabited, and produces nothing but bruſhwood.

The paſſages between the different iſlands make this a charming port for cruizers, ſince they can be confined neither by wind nor by an enemy. Captain Moore, of the Fame privateer, often put in here during the war, and has impreſſed the people with very favorable ideas of the Engliſh.

LETTER XIV.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, November 14th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

CONVINCED that you will be happy to hear of our arrival in Aſia, I take advantage of the firſt courier to ſend you a letter.

Independent of the ſatisfaction of being in a region ſo noted in hiſtory, and of traverſing ſcenes which one has ſo often contemplated in the page of antiquity, we have the happineſs of finding a ſociety we did not expect in this loſt country—a ſoil where the iron hand of Deſpotiſm checks every generous ſentiment in the vanquiſhed Greek, and where

where the conqueror Turk, proud in his ignorance, ſcorns the refinements of more enlightened people, and looks down with inſolence or contempt on every nation but his own. He has, however, many good qualities; and his true character, I perceive, is not eaſily delineated. I ſhall conſider him attentively, and from time to time ſend you thoſe traits I diſcover. In the mean while, I will conclude this letter with my Journal from our leaving Modon to our arrival at this city.

Saturday, October 20th.

At eight o'clock this morning, we left Modon, and, at three in the afternoon, were oppoſite Cape Matapan. The country appears barren; but there are ſeveral villages in ſight.

In the night, we entered the Archipelago, or Ægean Sea, by paſſing between Cytherea (the Iſland of Venus, now called Serigo)

Serigo) and Cape Angelo, the ſouth-eaſt point of the Morea.

This neighbourhood is inhabited by a neſt of pirates, who call themſelves the real deſcendants of the Lacedemonians, and, though ſubject to the Turks, acknowlege no law.

In calm weather, they come off in large boats, and plunder every veſſel that paſſes, but ſeldom ſeize on any ſhip, or even moleſt the people, provided they allow them to take all they want.

It is very remarkable, that, although the French have always a force in theſe ſeas, their veſſels are more frequently plundered than thoſe of any other nation; and there are very few inſtances of ours being inſulted, notwithſtanding the Greeks ſo ſeldom ſee a Britiſh man of war.

But,

But, for fear of accidents, we ſhortened ſail, to convoy the *Adventure*, of Plymouth, which we had juſt overtaken.

The three Sclavonians who ſeized the *Ducheſs of Tuſcany*, bound from Gibraltar, meant to have brought her here, but being obliged to put into Zante, they were diſcovered and executed.

Sunday, October 21ſt.

Becalmed in the ſcene of Falconer's Shipwreck, Crete juſt diſcernible on our right, Falcanero on our left, and Milo a-head. Lat. 36° 38′.

At duſk the wind ſprang up, with violent ſqualls, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and ſoon burſt forth in a furious ſtorm.

We were now in a moſt unpleaſant ſituation, Milo was become a dangerous lee

lee ſhore. It was no comfort to know that there was an excellent harbour a few miles to leeward. Darkneſs prevented our ſeeing the entrance to it.

We were, therefore, obliged to haul cloſe to the wind, and by ſkill, attention, and perſeverance, happily weathered the moſt windward point of the iſland.

The wind then abated, and the ſea became leſs violent; but the next morning the ſtorm was ſuddenly renewed, and we were aſſailed more furiouſly than ever; but as day-light came to our aſſiſtance, we made the beſt of our way towards the harbour, and a pilot getting on board, we were ſafe at an anchor before twelve o'clock.

Some centuries before Chriſt, Milo was a flouriſhing Republic, but having refuſed its aſſiſtance to Greece, when it

was

was invaded by the Perſians, the Athenians, having defeated the Barbarians, attacked the Miliotes, and after ſeveral repulſes, at laſt entirely overthrew them, and as a puniſhment, all the men who eſcaped the ſword, were carried into Attica. But at the cloſe of the Peloponneſian war, the Athenians being ſubdued by the Lacedemonians, Milo was reſtored to its liberty. It was afterwards taken by the Romans, and has ever ſince ſhared the fate of the Eaſtern Empire. And for ſome centuries the Greeks have been ſlaves in a country, from which they often carried their arms into that of their preſent Lords.

A. A. C. 404.

Whatever the Turk conquers, he immediately conſiders as his own, whether it be land, cattle, men, women, or children, and inſtantly appropriates it to his uſe, either by ſale, exchange, or poſſeſſion.

But

But as an act of grace, the Sultan grants the Greeks a temporary emancipation from year to year, for which they pay an annual capitation tax of ſeven ſhillings each perſon.

At the commencement of this century the iſland contained ſeventeen churches, and eleven chapels; and the whole ſpace from the town to the harbour, which is near two miles, was laid out in beautiful gardens. But alas! how wretchedly is it altered, three-fourths of the towns are in ruins, and the inhabitants are daily decreaſing. Of the gardens ſcarce a veſtige is left; and the baths on the water ſide are now only a ſet of ſmall, dirty caves. Eight or ten yards from the ſhore the hot ſpring, which ſupplied them, is ſeen boiling through the ſalt water, and the ſand is, I think, ſtill hotter than that of Baia. But perhaps I ſpeak from the pain my

curioſity coſt me being more recent in my memory.

The women, ſo celebrated for their beauty, are now ſallow, unhealthy, and diſguſtingly ugly; and render themſelves ſtill more hideous by their dreſs, which is a kind of looſe jacket, with a white cotton petticoat, that ſcarcely covers two thirds of their thighs, barely meeting the ſtocking above the knee. Their hind hair hangs down the back in a number of plaits; that on the fore part of the head is combed down each ſide of the face, and terminated by a ſmall, ſtiff curl, which is even with the lower part of the cheek.

All the inhabitants are Greeks; for the Turks are not fond of truſting themſelves in the ſmall iſlands; but every ſummer the Captain Baſhaw goes round with a ſquadron to keep them in ſubjection, and to collect the revenue.

When

When the Ruſſians made themſelves maſters of the Archipelago, during the late war, many of the iſlands declared in their favour; but being abandoned at the peace, they were ſo ſeverely mulcted by the Grand Signior, that our pilot tells me, they are determined to remain perfectly quiet. But as the Turks do not think them worth a garriſon, and will not truſt them with arms and ammunition, all thoſe which the Ruſſians may chooſe to invade, will be obliged to ſubmit.

The two points which form the entrance of the harbour, croſſing each other, render it imperceptible until you are cloſe to it. Thus, while you are perfectly ſecure within it, you find great difficulty in getting out, particularly in a northerly wind. And as no trade is carried on, except a little in corn and ſalt, Milo would ſcarce ever be viſited, were it not that being the firſt iſland one makes

in the Archipelago, the pilots have chosen it for their reſidence. They live in a little town on the top of a high rock, which, from its ſituation and appearance, is called *The Caſtle.*

Partridges abound in this iſland, and are ſo cheap, that you may buy one for a charge of powder only. The peaſants get them by ſtanding behind a portable ſcreen, with a ſmall aperture in the center, in which they place the muzzle of their piece, and then draw the partridge by a call. When a ſufficient number are collected, they fire among them, and generally kill from four to ſeven at a ſhot. But even this method of getting them is ſo expenſive, from the ſcarcity of ammunition, that the people can never afford to ſhoot them, but when there are gentlemen in the iſland, from whom they can beg a little powder and ſhot.

Several

Several of us have killed four or five in an afternoon walk, putting them up ourſelves, without even the aſſiſtance of a dog.

Thurſday, October 25th.

At day-break we got under way, with a light breeze, and at midnight anchored at Paros, another of the Greek iſlands, and which is in a much better ſtate than Milo. The men look more healthy, and the women not ſo ugly.

The water here is excellent; and as that we got at Meſſina has been complained of, as being too hard to make proper peaſe-ſoup for the people, all the caſks are ordered to be emptied and refilled.

Whilſt its marble quarries continued to be worked, Paros was one of the moſt flouriſhing of the Cyclades; but on the decline of the Eaſtern Empire,

they were entirely neglected, and are now converted into caves, in which the ſhepherds ſhelter their flocks. We have been in ſeveral of theſe ſubterraneous folds, which put me much in mind of Homer's deſcription of Polyphemus. The common walls are almoſt entirely compoſed of marble; and in examining a very ſmall part of one, we found ſeveral pieces of cornice, and *baſſo relievo*.

Several fine blocks of marble—fragments of columns, are lying cloſe to the water's edge, and ſeem to have been brought there by travellers, who for want of a proper purchaſe to get them on board, have not been able to carry them farther.

After the battle of Marathon, Miltiades was ſent to lay Paros under contribution, on account of its joining the Perſians; but the inhabitants made ſo reſolute

reſolute a defence, that all the efforts of that excellent General were unable to reduce them; and, at length, having loſt a number of his men, and being himſelf wounded, Miltiades, hearing that the Perſians were making preparations for a ſecond invaſion, returned to Athens, where his ungrateful countrymen, forgetful of his eminent ſervices, ſentenced him to pay the expences of the expedition; and being unable to raiſe this fine, the Great Deliverer of Greece was thrown into priſon; and, to the eternal infamy of the Athenians, he died of the wounds he had received in their ſervice!

The Ruſſians made this their grand arſenal; their powder magazines, and ſeveral other buildings, are ſtill ſtanding, and the iſland is conſiderably indebted to them for improving the convenience for water, and for the trade which the

caſh they expended, introduced among the inhabitants.

Delos is about five leagues off, Naxos two, and Antiparos about the ſame diſtance. In the laſt there is a cavern, which is reckoned one of the greateſt wonders of the Archipelago; but as a natural curioſity, it is by no means equal to Saint Michael's Cave at Gibraltar. A multitude of names are cut near the entrance. Lady Craven's is among the lateſt.

Tueſday, October 30th.

Sailed from Paros, with an intention of viſiting Delos in our way to Smyrna, but the wind changing, we ſtood to the north-weſt, profiting by this opportunity, to ſupply the ſhip with wood.

Wedneſday, October 31ſt.

Anchored between the Iſland of Longa and the Coaſt of Immortal Attica. But

my

my heart bleeds whilſt I ſurvey the ſad change it has undergone. In vain do I ſearch for the deſcendants of thoſe ruſtic patriots, whoſe valour enabled Miltiades and Themiſtocles to overthrow the Perſian hoſt by ſea and land, or for thoſe well cultivated fields, where art concealed the frugality of nature. Alas! far as the beſt glaſs can reach, no ſign of a dwelling can be ſeen; and the country, for want of inhabitants, lies entirely neglected.

After almoſt deſpairing of meeting a human being, I one day fell in with two men grazing a conſiderable number of horſes, which I imagined was a nurſery for the Turkiſh Cavalry; but on mentioning this to the Greeks who attended them, they anſwered no; that the only uſe they were of was to tread out the corn in ſummer; in return for which they grazed them from place to place in winter. I alſo found a ſmall chapel,

not

not bigger than an hermitage, to which the people from the interior country, on particular occaſions, reſort. Part of the neighbourhood is covered with wood, which any one may take who chooſes to cut it. Longa, the once celebrated Iſland of Helen, is entirely depopulated, and produces nothing. Our pilot calls this Port Maundré. It has the ſame advantage I remarked at Modon, a paſſage at each end of the iſland.

If you can believe that I am within a day's journey of Athens, how will you envy my being ſo near the mother of the arts and ſciences, and what will you ſay when I tell you that I did not go there. But be aſſured it was not through want of exertion; but from the impracticability of getting there by land in theſe hoſtile times. But whilſt the people were wooding, I went in a boat to the Promontory of Sunium, to ſee the remains of the Temple of Minerva,

which I take to be one of the moſt ancient remaining in Greece. If we may credit Homer, it was cotemporary with Troy; for in the third book of the Odyſſey, Neſtor, after relating the ſeduction of Clytemneſtra, paſſing to the return of the Greeks, ſays,

" But when to Sunium's ſacred point we came,
" Crown'd with the Temple of the Athenian Dame,
" Atrides Pilot, Phrontes, there expired, &c."

In ſome ground lately opened I found a human ſcull, and ſome other burnt bones. What antiquarian will object to their being thoſe of this ill-fated pilot?

A conſiderable part of the architrave of the Temple is ſtill ſtanding, ſupported by fifteen columns, nine of which are in a row, each nineteen feet high, and near eleven in circumference. The whole edifice was of Parian marble. Vaſt quantities of fragments and broken columns

are

are lying all around, and the Temple is ſtill a beautiful, and a venerable object, on whatever ſide you approach the Promontory.

November 5th.

Got under way at day-light, and having paſſed the ſouth point of Negropont (the ancient Eubœa) and Andros, were oppoſite the center of the Iſland of Teno at twelve o'clock the next day. It ſeems populous and well cultivated. Lat. 37° 33′. Paros, Delos, and ſeveral other iſlands in ſight.

November 7th.

We were within a few leagues of Scio at day-break, and being driven to the ſouthward, had a diſtant view of Samos, the birth place of Juno. We were employed all this and the next day in working to windward, between the continent of Aſia Minor and the Iſland of Scio, famous for producing the nectar of the ancients.

ancients, and for the beauty of its women. The ladies, I am told, are as charming as ever, but the wine has loſt its luſcious qualities. The town is large and ſtraggling; it ſeems to have ſome works, but they are in a very ſorry condition. The road is quite open. Before we reached the town, we paſſed the bay of Chiſemé, on the Aſiatic ſhore, where the Turkiſh fleet was deſtroyed by the Ruſſians.

Friday, Nov. 9th, 1787.

A light breeze ſprang up fair late laſt night, with which we entered the Gulf of Smyrna, and early this afternoon anchored off the town.

LETTER XV.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, November 29th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SMYRNA is the only ancient town of Aſia Minor, that continues to thrive. It flouriſhed many centuries before Chriſt, but was almoſt deſtroyed by an earthquake in the reign of Mark Anthony, and has never ſince recovered its former ſplendour. For although its advantageous ſituation for trade ſoon drew new inhabitants, yet, to leſſen the effect of a ſimilar cataſtrophe, the houſes are all very low. The ſtreets are in general dirty, narrow, and ill-paved, for the natives never ſtudy regularity in the ſcite of their buildings, and the Europeans, crowding

crowding to the water ſide, found no room to ſpare for ornament.

The French have the moſt numerous factory. The Engliſh are next in number of houſes, but the Dutch exceed us in ſhipping. The Venetian and Raguſee veſſels are very numerous, but they are ſeldom more than carriers.

The great advantage England derives from the trade to this country is, that the commodities we bring here are home-wrought, whilſt the ſilk, cotton, and mohair, with which we are repaid, are raw articles, that are afterwards manufactured by ourſelves, find work for our people, and are then exported to different parts of the world, and ſome of them even brought back here.

Beſides ſilk and cotton, we take fruit and drugs, ſome of which are alſo re-exported; but I am ſorry to find, that though

though our Levant trade is more flouriſhing than it has been for many years paſt, yet its riſe is conſiderably checked by our own laws, and by the want of a regular Lazaretto in England.

If there is the leaſt ſuſpicion of the plague being at Smyrna, no veſſel, even of our own nation, is permitted to diſcharge her cargo in Britain, previous to her having performed a quarantine in ſome other part of Europe; for our Lazarettos do not admit veſſels from infected ports. But ſince our manufactories muſt be ſupplied with ſilk and cotton, our merchants are obliged to employ the Dutch, who land their goods in a Lazaretto in Holland, and after a ſhort quarantine performed there, ſend them over to us. Thus do we ſuffer foreigners to deprive our ſeamen of employment, and our country of its juſt profits.

The

The cauſe that produces this prejudice to our Levant Company, is our dread of the plague. But are we more likely to be infected by this diſtemper than the Dutch? Or is England leſs able than Holland to ſet apart a ſmall place for a regular Lazaretto? There are innumerable ſpots in our iſland which might be incloſed for this purpoſe, where goods from infected places might be properly aired, and afterwards introduced with more ſafety by our own ſubjects, than we at preſent receive them from the Dutch.

A perſon who has not been in the Levant, cannot conceive the inconvenience and diſtreſs ariſing to our nation, from this want of a Lazaretto. The enterpriſing ſpirit of the Engliſh leads them every where in ſearch of employment. A veſſel arrives at Smyrna—ſhe gets a cargo, and the laſt day of her loading perhaps the plague appears on

ſhore. What is ſhe to do? She cannot ſail for England—ſhe muſt either ſubmit to a ruinous loſs, unload immediately, and fly to another port in queſt of a freight, or go to one of the Lazarettos of Italy, France, or Malta, there perform a quarantine, land and reſhip her cargo; and after having, to the prejudice of the nation, laid out a conſiderable ſum in a foreign port, ſhe arrives at Stangate Creek; where, though the ſhip perhaps is not long detained, the cargo is put into one of the hulks, and aired with greater care and length of time, than the cotton has been which we receive without any apprehenſion from Holland *.

That

* The Author ſince his return to England, has been at Stangate Creek, where he found that cotton, and other enumerated goods brought over from Holland, now undergo a ſimilar proceſs to thoſe, which, after having performed a quarantine in a foreign Lazaretto, are brought home by the Engliſh.

That precautions are neceſſary nobody will deny; but why ſhould we ſhackle our own people more than the Dutch? Or why ſhould we be more afraid of allowing goods from an infected place to be landed in one of the many waſte ſpots of Kent, Eſſex, Devonſhire, or Cornwall, than foreigners are of receiving them at the very gates of their capital cities. I ſhall write you a long letter on this ſubject, when I have gained more experience in the nature of the plague, which I can already aſſure you is by no means ſo dangerous a diſtemper as Europeans imagine it.

The factory have great hopes that the generous Philanthrope, who lately viſited Aſia, will intereſt himſelf in their favour. This amiable patriot knows that

Engliſh. But ſtill the inconvenience to our own people is not leſſened, nor ever will, till we have a complete Lazaretto of our own.

the navy is the bulwark of Britain, and that whatever tends to decreaſe the number of our ſeamen, tends to diminiſh the ſtrength of our country; a truth ſo intereſting to an Engliſhman, that I hope to God the accounts I hear of a moſt alarming decreaſe in our Greenlandmen are much exaggerated. A proper Lazaretto in England, by increaſing our ſhipping in the Levant, would afford a ſuſtenance to many of thoſe invaluable ſubjects, whom a perhaps too rigid public œconomy has bereft of bread.

There are many inconveniencies attending a correſpondence between this country and Europe. The poſt ſets out and arrives but twice a month. It goes through Conſtantinople and Vienna, and unleſs letters to and from England are taken up, and paid for at each of thoſe places, they will never reach their deſtination. The want of a more

regular communication muſt be ſenſibly felt in a place of ſo much trade.

We found near one hundred ſail of merchantmen in the bay, every one of whom ſaluted us; for, to raiſe the European Powers in the eyes of the Turks, it is the cuſtom at Smyrna to ſalute every man of war that enters the port. The ſame ceremony was performed on our going on ſhore the next day; and, as ſoon as we landed at Mr. Hayes', we were waited upon by the Conſuls and Factories of the different nations, who have given us the moſt flattering reception. Scarce an evening paſſes without a ball or a concert, or ſome other party, for our amuſement: but I am much ſurpriſed at the exceſſive dread in which the Chriſtians live of their fellow ſubjects, the Mahometans. They dwell in ſeparate diſtricts, and are as fearful of going promiſcuouſly among them, as into a

den of wild beaſts. The Turks have, indeed, a lordly, imperious air, which I ſuppoſe they acquire from the abject manner of the Greeks, who, being a conquered people, are always ſuſpected of rebellious intentions, and almoſt extirpated on the leaſt appearance of an inſurrection; which obliges them to crouch ſo much to the conquerors, that they imagine all other Chriſtians equally daſtardly, and hold us in the ſame light as we do the Jews—a mean, money-making, unbelieving ſect: but I am convinced, that if we went more among them, we ſhould hear of fewer inſults. I was ſo confident of this, that, without mentioning my intentions, I ſet out, and, after walking round the Turkiſh town, ſtruck down through its very center, without meeting any interruption, except from one man, who, pointing at me, called out *Bah!* and two or three boys, who threw ſtones, but who were immediately called in by their father.

father. I doubt whether a foreigner, in a ſtrange dreſs, would paſs through London with ſo little moleſtation.

Nevertheleſs, like the Jews in England, there have been inſtances here of the Chriſtians being moſt inhumanly maſſacred; but this has never happened but after ſome ſignal diſaſter to the Turks, to which they ſuppoſed they had contributed; ſuch as the deſtruction of their fleet in the Chiſemé, which they knew the Ruſſians could not have effected without the aſſiſtance of other powers; and the rabble make very little diſtinction of nations, confounding all Europeans together, under the appellation of Franks.

The poor Greeks complain much of their cruelty and oppreſſion; but, in points of honour, our merchants tell me no people are ſtricter than the Turks. In other reſpects, the reports they give

of their laws and cuſtoms, vary ſo much, that it is impoſſible for a ſtranger, as I am, and ignorant of the language of the country, to ſend you a more perfect account.

LETTER XVI.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, December 31ſt.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Empreſs of Ruſſia's late journey to the Crimea, and the confederacy formed there by her Majeſty and the Emperor of Germany, have given the late ſtroke to thoſe reiterated provocations which would, long ere this, have excited to arms a people leſs iraſcible than the Turks: but, however inclined the nation at large might be to reſent the inſults of the Ruſſians, and the frequent infringements of the Treaty of Cainardgie, yet their fiery ſpirit was kept in awe by the pacific diſpoſition of the reigning Sultan.

Abdoul

Abdoul Hamet is a Prince of a humane and virtuous character; and, although the peace of 1774 was forced upon his country, he determined moſt religiouſly to adhere to the conditions it impoſed.

At the time this treaty was concluded, the Porte was in a moſt deplorable ſtate, to which it was in a great meaſure reduced by the unprecedented ſupport the Engliſh afforded to the ambitious views of the Court of Peterſburg, againſt a nation with whom we were at peace.

The Spaniards were well inclined to prevent the Ruſſian fleet entering the Mediterranean; but their objections were quaſhed at once by the interference of ſo brilliant a Power as England: a Power whoſe all-conquering force the Court of Spain had ſo recently felt, in the repeated victories of the immortal Chatham, which had obliged her to ſupplicate peace at the feet of our glorious Sovereign.

A George, and a Chatham, are names which the patriotic Engliſhman could for ever dwell upon; but both the politics of the one, and the virtues of the other, are too exalted to be extended by a panegyric from my humble pen. To return, then, to the Turks, and to a time when, I am ſorry to ſay, our prejudice in favor of Ruſſia, made us adopt a line of conduct in a high degree contrary to our own intereſt: The terror of the Engliſh having compelled the Spaniards to ſuffer the Ruſſians to enter the Mediterranean, our port at Mahon immediately received them with open arms. Here they were not only ſupplied with every refreſhment, but our hoſpitals, nay, even our arſenals, were opened to them, and every encouragement was given to our officers and ſeamen, to enter into their ſervice.

Thus ſupplied and equipped, the Ruſſian fleet ſailed for the Archipelago, and

and gave battle to the Turks. Victory (as may naturally be ſuppoſed, from the ſuperior abilities and nautical experience of Commodore Elphinſtone and the Britiſh officers) declared for the Ruſſians.

The Ottoman fleet retired to the Bay of Chiſemé; and the Moſcovites, unaccuſtomed to naval exertions, were not diſpoſed to purſue their advantage. It was with the utmoſt difficulty that Commodore Elphinſtone could perſuade them to follow the enemy, and attack him in port: but at length, by threats and entreaties, having ſtimulated them to this enterprize, he led them to the Chiſemé the enſuing night. The Turks, aſtoniſhed at the unexpected attack, were inſtantly panic-ſtruck, and, without any ſhew of defence, abandoned and ſet fire to their ſhips.

Thus did an Engliſhman give a fatal blow to the Turkiſh empire—a blow from

from which I much doubt whether the Porte will ever recover.

Commodore Elphinſtone inſtantly puſhed for the Dardanelles, and, by guarding the entrance of thoſe ſtraits, cut off all communication by ſea between Conſtantinople and the ſouthern provinces. The capital was ſtreightened for proviſions; Egypt revolted, and moſt of the Greek iſlands joined the Ruſſians.

Theſe were the firſt conſequences of the diſaſter at Chiſemé; and every day brought on others ſtill more diſtreſſing to the Porte.

The Ruſſian fleet, now unoppoſed, was enabled to attack every part of the Turkiſh coaſt in the Adriatic, the Archipelago, and the Mediterranean; and, although the troops they had on board were but few, yet, from the facility with which

which they were tranſported from place to place, the Turks were obliged to detach a very large part of their grand army to oppoſe their different attacks.

But this was not all. Many of the ſoldiers employed to the north, were volunteers from the ſouthern provinces, who, hearing that their own homes were attacked, deſerted in large corps. Theſe deſertions, and the detachments ſent to the ſouth, weakened and diſcouraged the northern army ſo much, that the Ruſſians gained repeated victories, and at laſt compelled the Porte to ſue for peace.

The Treaty of Cainardgie was highly humiliating in itſelf, and was rendered ſtill more ſo by the haughty manner of the Ruſſians, which ſeemed entirely calculated to provoke the Turks to hoſtilities, in which they have at laſt ſucceeded.

Monſieur

Monſieur Bulgakow, the Ruſſian Envoy, who had been ſent for by the Empreſs, to aſſiſt at the conferences between her Majeſty and the Emperor of Germany, and probably to give the Confederate Powers information of the diſpoſition, and the meaſures moſt likely to be purſued by the Porte, had no ſooner returned to Conſtantinople, than the Turkiſh Miniſtry, convinced of the oppreſſive and aſpiring views of the Court of Peterſburgh, made the Envoy a formal repreſentation of the many cauſes of complaint his Court had given to the Porte.

This repreſentation was followed by a ſecond; but the Envoy, in conformity, I ſuppoſe, to the plan agreed upon at Cherſon, gave no manner of ſatisfaction, and the hoſtile views of his Court becoming every day more notorious, the Porte ſummoned him to a conference on the 16th of Auguſt, and there demanded

manded a categorical explanation of the intentions of the Empreſs towards the Turks.

M. Bulgakow's anſwers appearing vague and unſatisfactory, the Divan determined to have recourſe to arms, and in conformity to the Turkiſh cuſtom on ſuch occaſions, the Envoy, with part of his ſuite and attendants, were ſent to the Seven Towers, where, though ſtate priſoners, they have every indulgence but liberty. And ſuch is the pacific diſpoſition of the Sultan, that he declares his only motive in going to war, is to inforce the conditions impoſed by the Treaty of Cainardgie—a treaty, which, though the moſt diſadvantageous the Turks ever ſigned, he declares himſelf ſtill ready to renew.

The manifeſto publiſhed by the Porte ſtates, that ever ſince the year 1774, the Court of Ruſſia has been conſtantly infringing

infringing the Treaty of Cainardgie, and diſturbing the harmony which that treaty was intended to ſecure. That ſhe has even ſeized on the Crimea, and raiſed up Prince Heraclius, who was an acknowleged vaſſal of the Porte. That not content with endeavouring to drive the Oczakowians from their own ſalt-pans, and many other attacks, ſhe proceeded ſo far as to order her Envoy to make a demand of ſeveral dangerous and humiliating conceſſions from the Porte, and to threaten, that in caſe of a refuſal, Prince Potemkin, with 70,000 men, had orders to advance to the frontiers. That ſince the Porte could not with any ſafety agree to theſe conditions, ſhe was obliged to declare war. And ſubmits her motives to the equity of her friends.

So vigorous a ſtep was not immediately expected by the Empreſs; and had the Turks been in any degree prepared for the hoſtile meaſures they were

compelled to adopt, the ſurpriſe in which they took the Ruſſians, would probably have given them a deciſive advantage.

The fact is, the Court of Peterſburgh did not expect hoſtilities to commence before the enſuing ſpring, and the Turks never thought of them till M. Bulgakow's return from the Crimea. Thus both parties were equally ſurpriſed.

The ſeaſon was too far advanced for the Grand Vizir to take the field. Thoſe troops, however, that could be collected on the frontiers, immediately began to act, and in different recounters with the Ruſſians, have been generally victorious.

No enterprize, however, of any moment has as yet been undertaken by the Turks, except an attack upon Kimbourn.

This

This fortreſs is ſituated on the Ruſſian ſide of the Liman, or mouth of the Dnieper, exactly oppoſite to Oczakow, and from its ſituation is of the firſt importance. The Porte therefore ordered an immediate attempt to carry it by a coup-de-main. A detachment from Oczakow was accordingly landed in the night of the 11th of October, and carried all before them till they arrived at the very ſcarp of the fort; but by this time the Ruſſians had recovered their ſurpriſe, and the Turks, from the nature of the enterpriſe, being unprepared to attempt a regular eſcalade againſt a garriſon whoſe numbers they found were very little inferior to their own, were obliged to retreat.

The loſs on each ſide was nearly equal, and on the part of the Ruſſians, M. Souwarow and M. Reck, two generals of note, were both ſeverely wounded.

The Court of Peterſburgh, however, has great reaſon to rejoice at this eſcape, ſince had Kimbourn been carried, none of her veſſels could have entered the Liman till it was retaken, which probably would not have happened this year, and conſequently, ſhould the Porte even chooſe to act on the defenſive in the ſpring, the Ruſſians would ſtill be obliged to begin the enſuing campaign with a ſiege in their own country.

Count Romanzow, with an army, has entered Poliſh Ruſſia, but the ſeaſon was too far advanced for him to attempt any active operations. I have not heard any thing elſe of importance on the land ſide; but in the naval line, fortune has ſtruck a capital blow in favor of the Turks.

The little fleet the Empreſs had, with great difficulty, collected on the Black Sea has been entirely diſperſed and diſmaſted, and a line of battle ſhip, of ſixty-

ſixty-four guns, commanded by Captain Teeſdale, to avoid being wrecked, was obliged to puſh for Conſtantinople, and give herſelf up to the Turks.

As ſhe is very little damaged, ſhe will ſail in the ſpring, under the banners of the Porte. The Ruſſians were before very inferior to the Turks on the Black Sea; and the loſs of one ſhip to them making a difference of two in favor of their enemies, renders their inequality ſtill more deſperate.

The Turks having no idea of priſoners on parole, the Ruſſian Captain is ſent to aſſociate with the Envoy in the Caſtle of the Seven Towers. The reſt of the ſhip's company are diſpoſed of in the Bagnio.

Notwithſtanding our impolitic ill uſage, ſo fatal to the Turks during the laſt Ruſſian war, I think we are the favorite

nation of ſuch of them as are at all acquainted with the different powers of Europe: I ſay, impolitic ill uſage, becauſe, depend upon it, the very extenſive Empire of Turkey will never be in hands ſo beneficial to England, as whilſt it remains in thoſe of its preſent poſſeſſors.

The Turks, happily for us, are not a commercial people, notwithſtanding their Empire has every advantage to induce them to become ſo. We cannot do without thoſe valuable articles which their ſoil produces almoſt ſpontaneouſly; and the Turk, like the eaſy poſſeſſor of a very rich mine, allows us to enrich ourſelves at our pleaſure. Three per cent. duty equally on all exports and imports, is, with little exception, their only reſtriction to Europeans engaged in their trade.

Would the Empreſs be equally moderate, if in poſſeſſion of this fertile region?

gion? Believe me ſhe would not. As ſeveral of our manufactures could not be carried on without her productions, ſhe would only give them on her own terms. Perhaps only in her own bottoms. All her politics would be directed to increaſe her trade and ſhipping, and conſequently her naval force; and, thus inclined, with ſuch a country, ſhe would ſoon riſe to a maritime power much beyond what the world has ever experienced. We have only to look to Tyre, to Rhodes, and many other places ſcarce bigger than ſpecks on the map of Turkey, to conceive what a force might ariſe from this immenſe, this all producing Empire.

In its preſent ſtate, Turkey, as I have already hinted, may be compared to a rich mine, to which the induſtrious from every nation have free acceſs. In the hands of the Empreſs it would be like the barred treaſure of an ambitious Lord, never to be opened but to be increaſed.

In this I do not mean to reflect on her Imperial Majesty, since, I fancy, every European power, in a similar situation, would act the same part. I only desire to evince that England will never derive such advantages from Turkey, as whilst it remains in the hands of the Ottomans, and consequently that it is our interest, as well as that of every other nation that does not expect a share in the partition of the Turkish Empire, to break the confederacy between the Empress of Russia and the Emperor of Germany, and check the progress of the two Imperial Courts. I mention the Emperor, because, though he has not yet declared war, it is very well known that he is bound, both by treaty and inclination, to assist the Russians.

The French Court very wisely, in the last war, supported the Porte; but from the indifference with which she now beholds the threatened ruin of a power with

with whom ſhe trades to ſo much advantage, a rumour gains ground that ſhe has been brought over to the ambitious views of the Imperial Courts, by the promiſe, that ſhould their deſigns ſucceed, Egypt and the Iſland of Candia ſhall be given to France.

Should this ever happen, England may bid adieu to the trade of the Levant, and, in a ſhort time, by the eaſy communication the French will eſtabliſh with the Eaſt-Indies, by the way of the Iſthmus of Suez, they will give a fatal blow to our India trade alſo.

To prevent theſe ſchemes from ſucceeding, our firſt object is to countenance the Spaniards in oppoſing the entrance of the Ruſſian fleet into the Mediterranean; ſince, if the Turks can bring their whole force to act towards the north, I do not think, now that their fleet has ſuch a decided ſuperiority

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on the Black Sea, that they have much to fear in the preſent ſtate of Europe. The King of Sweden, were he countenanced, is well diſpoſed to take an open part in their favour; and this countenance the King of Pruſſia will undoubtedly afford him.

As to Europe's having any thing to dread from the Turks extending their conqueſt, the idea is abſurd. Their Empire is already larger than they well can keep in order; and, from the nature of their government, the more they extend it, the more will it be weakened. Their army may make irruptions, but muſt ſoon return to its proper bounds.

They do not, like the Romans, incorporate the vanquiſhed with the conquerors, ſo as, in time, to become one people, and to increaſe in numbers as they increaſe in territory. On the contrary

contrary, the farther the Turk advances in Europe, the more he augments the number of his rebellious ſubjects, and by diſperſing, he weakens his own.

Conſtantinople excluded, the Grand Signior's ſubjects in Europe are computed at eight Greeks to one Turk. Totally different in language, manners, and religion, a natural antipathy is bred between them. The Turk ſpurns the Greek as an impious daſtard. The Greek, urged by revenge, is ever ripe for a revolt, and ready to join the firſt invaders.

If we conſider this ſtriking circumſtance, and the ſucceſs of the Ruſſians in the laſt war, it may be imagined, that on the Emperor's taking the field, the Turks will very ſoon be driven out of Europe; and of this our factory here are in the higheſt apprehenſion. But we muſt at the ſame time recollect,

that it was England who gave force to Ruſſia, in the manner I before related, and that this force, if it does not now oppoſe her, will, at leaſt, not operate in her favor.

Monſieur St. Felix arrived here lately with a ſquadron of frigates and ſloops, eight in number. The Governor immediately ſent to the French Conſul to know the meaning of ſo many men of war coming to this port. M. Amoreux anſwered, that they only came in for refreſhments. Whether or not it was in conſequence of this meſſage, I cannot take upon me to affirm, but the majority of the French ſquadron put to ſea in the courſe of the two following days. This, I think, confirms that a jealouſy of France exiſts in the minds of the Turks.

LETTER XVII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, January 15th, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TO gain ſome little knowledge of the interior country, and, at the ſame time, to pay a compliment to St. Paul, we took a journey by land to Epheſus, the inhabitants of which, you may remember, were honoured with an Epiſtle from him, and with having his ſon Timothy for a Biſhop. It is barely forty miles from hence; but the Turks never going beyond a foot pace in travelling, we made it a journey of two days. We had ſix horſes for ourſelves, and as many for our guides, janizary, and ſervants. We were obliged to carry

carry all our proviſions with us, even bread. Water we found in abundance; and ſuch is the attention of the Turks to this valuable article of life, that we came to ſeveral excellent fountains when there was nothing like an habitation to be ſeen. The greater part of the road is execrably bad; and the country, though in general fertile, is too thinly peopled to be much cultivated.

The few inhabitants we ſaw in the ſecond day's journey were wretchedly poor. You recollect that this is the freezing month of January, and that the winter here, though ſhort, is, for a few weeks, much more ſevere than one would expect in ſo ſouthern a latitude.

Our road led us by a fountain, where, in this cold weather, ſome women were waſhing. None of them were completely clothed; and one poor girl had, for her only covering, a piece of an old blanket,

blanket, with two holes torn in the upper end of it, through which, inſtead of ſleeves, ſhe put her arms. It was too ſmall to cover her cheſt, too ſhort to reach below her waiſt; and it was with difficulty that, by holding the lower corners in her two hands, ſhe made them meet.

A young female, in an attire ſo little adapted to the tenderneſs of her ſex, and to the inclemency of the ſeaſon, moved one's very ſoul. I do not know that I touched the reins, and yet my horſe ſtopt with his head towards her. My eye involuntarily fixed itſelf upon her; and, to the lateſt moment of my life, I ſhall never forget her figure. She is above the middle ſize, and her limbs did not ſeem formed for ſo expoſed a ſituation. The ſun had tanned her face; but her ſkin was ſmooth, and naturally delicate, and her features of that mould, that, had ſhe been born to a more happy lot,

lot, ſhe might have been reckoned a perfect beauty.

It was impoſſible to behold ſuch an object without emotion. My horſe now advanced to her feet, and my friend approached her at the ſame moment. Each ſearched his pockets, and preſented the little ſilver they contained. No hand could be ſpared to receive it. In our anxiety to relieve her diſtreſs, we had forgot the trial to which we had expoſed her modeſty. The bluſhing maid ſtood motionleſs; but, encouraged by the ſympathy and charity marked in our approach, ſhe ventured to raiſe her head.—Her eyes were turned towards us.—The tear of gratitude was ſwelling in them.—She gave but one glance.—Her face was inſtantly reverted to the ground.—She could not ſpeak.

Such unexpected modeſty, in ſo expoſed a ſituation, filled me with aſtoniſh-

ment

ment and veneration. How much did I wiſh to take her in my arms, and, by a kiſs of affection, to expreſs the ſympathy I bore in her diſtreſs. How did I execrate the parſimony that had prevented my having about me all the money I poſſeſſed.—How earneſtly did I wiſh to remove her to a more ſheltered fate, where her beauty and her modeſty might be better known and admired.

Led away by theſe inclinations, I was preparing to alight. The timid virgin drew back. By ſigns of reſpect, ſhe again raiſed her eyes. Charity was ſo forcibly petitioning in them, that the money which her figure at firſt ſight drew from my pocket, now dropt at her feet. The reins fell from my hand. My horſe inclined to the road. I would with joy have turned him back; but I recollected my inability to relieve her.—I am only a Soldier of Fortune, and ſubſiſt but by the bounty of my Sove-

reign: a bounty which, though much ſuperior to what my humble ſervices entitle me to expect, is, alas! too inſufficient to ſupport the appearance required from an Officer, and often compels the military Philanthrope to ſuppreſs every charitable emotion.

The road being but little frequented, the caravanſera, or public inn, we ſtopped at the firſt night of our journey, was nothing but a large hovel, one end of which was appropriated to travellers, and the other, without any partition, to their cattle: but we were fortunate enough to be accommodated with a Greek hut, where, with the aſſiſtance of a good fire, we paſſed a tolerable night.

At Epheſus we were not ſo lucky. We were obliged to ſleep promiſcuouſly among the Turks, one or other of whom was ſmoking all night long. I obſerved that they eat very little, but that, after every

every nap, they took a pipe, and a ſip of coffee: I ſay, a ſip; for the Turkiſh cups are ſcarce bigger than a walnut ſhell; but of theſe they drink an amazing number, and their coffee is always exceedingly ſtrong.

We were heartily rejoiced when we returned to our old Greek hut on the road, but, to our great diſappointment, found it poſſeſſed by a Turk. Luckily, he expreſſed a great deſire to taſte our beer; and we ſeized this opportunity to get rid of him, by deſiring our janizary to invite him to partake of a bottle of it at the caravanſera. A janizary's invitation is only a civil command; but we did not chooſe to make uſe of his authority until we could give the Turk a ſatisfactory compenſation. Mahomet forbade the uſe of wine; but his followers do not conceive themſelves to be prohibited the uſe of other fermented liquors. In general, they are very fond of porter

and beer of all kinds, drinking as much of it as they can get; and ſome of them, indeed, are not very ſcrupulous about wine.

After the Turk was gone, not dreaming of the danger that was hanging over us, we ſlept very comfortably for ſome hours; but, before day-light, we were rouſed by flakes of fire falling upon our bodies from the roof. No water being at hand, the whole hut was ſoon in a blaze, and, in a few minutes, burnt to the ground.

This unluckly accident was occaſioned by our own fire, which heated the mud flue that ſerved as a chimney, to ſuch a degree, that it communicated to the thatched roof, which was half burnt through before we awoke. Very fortunately, none of us had taken off our clothes; for we carried no bedding, and nothing of the kind was to be got.

The Turks in the Caravanſera remained quiet ſpectators of this cataſtrophe. At the moment when we found that all our efforts to extinguiſh the flames were ineffectual, my eye turning towards the Muſſulmen, found them ſmoking, and ſeemingly quite unconcerned.

Determined not to be outdone by them in coolneſs, I ſeated myſelf in the middle of them, and, being provided with the materials, inſtantly began ſhaving myſelf, to their no ſmall aſtoniſhment, and the equal delight of the boys of our party, who have turned this anecdote into a pleaſant ſtory, which is my only reaſon for mentioning it.

You of courſe recollect that the Temple of Diana at Epheſus, which was one of the wonders of the world, was de-

ſtroyed on the very day that Alexander was born, by a ſacrilegious wretch, to render himſelf remembered by poſterity. We found many ruins, and among the reſt, a ſuperb pile quite overturned, which we concluded was the remains of this celebrated temple. The columns were all broken. The moſt entire piece was forty-two feet in length, and eighteen in circumference. This and the reſt of the columns, were every one hewn out of ſingle blocks of marble; but notwithſtanding the immenſe ſize and value of theſe materials, ſeveral antiquarians will not allow them to have belonged to the real Temple of Diana.

A. A. C. 356.

It is not my purpoſe to diſpute with theſe learned gentlemen, I ſhall only obſerve, that none of them have made the columns of this Temple more than ſixty feet high.

According

According to Palladio's meaſurement of the pillars to the portico of the celebrated Rotunda at Rome, which has univerſally been accepted as a proper ſtandard, the height of the Corinthian column is twenty modules.

A circumference of eighteen feet gives a module of three feet, and in common arithmetic, twenty of theſe give ſixty. On theſe proportions then, the fragment I mention formed a column of the exact height handed down to us of thoſe of the Temple of Diana.

But people who wiſh to diminiſh the conſequence of the pile I am mentioning, may ſay that Palladio's proportions are liable to exceptions, which I will readily admit, that I may aſk, Whether it is poſſible, by any proportions, to make a column leſs than ſixty feet high of a baſe and capital, in addition to a

ſhaft, a fragment of which is forty-two feet in length?

If either of the poſitions I take up be admitted, thoſe antiquarians who will not allow this magnificent pile of ruins to have belonged to the Temple of Diana, muſt at leaſt confeſs, that theſe ſuperb fragments muſt have formed an edifice equal to it, both in ſize and grandeur.

We alſo ſaw the remains of St. John's Church, now converted into a Turkiſh Moſque. Part of the aqueduct, and many other veſtiges of the once noble city of Epheſus, are ſtill to be ſeen. But in lieu of the Bleſſed Virgin, St. Paul, St. John, Kings, Princes, and Heroes, who rendered it ſo famous, both in ſacred and profane hiſtory, its inhabitants are now reduced to a few miſerable peaſants.

We

We met no manner of interruption on the road, notwithſtanding this is a time when the Government, naturally weak, is obliged to ſuffer a kind of licentiouſneſs, in order to keep the rabble in good humour, and to complete the new levies.

Never was there a more popular war than the preſent. The Turks, from every part of this immenſe Empire, are preparing to join the grand army. The ſuſpicions againſt the Emperor of Germany increaſe every day; but from the zeal and ſpirit with which every Muſſulman enters into the cauſe, one is almoſt led to imagine, that the Ottomans will make a tolerable ſtand againſt the powerful enemies by which they will be attacked.

It is fortunate for the Porte, that at this criſis her Miniſters are avowedly the beſt that ever governed Turkey. The Grand

Grand Vizir is young and vigorous, and a pupil of the celebrated Haſſan, now Captain Baſhaw, or Lord High Admiral, who is juſt returned from Egypt crowned with victory. He had been ſent there with the fleet, and an army alſo under his command, to ſubdue the rebel Beys, in which, notwithſtanding the intrigues of the Ruſſians, he happily ſucceeded, and, by additional proofs of courage and addreſs, has added freſh laurels to his former fame.

The Vice-Admiral, who commanded at Conſtantinople in his abſence, was ſent to deſtroy ſix Ruſſian men of war, which being diſmaſted in the ſtorm that had obliged Captain Teeſdale to give himſelf up to the Turks, had anchored on the coaſt of the Black Sea, and ſeemed to promiſe an eaſy conqueſt. But, to the great diſappointment of the Porte, they had time to refit and get off; and as their eſcaping was ſaid to be owing

to

to want of exertion in the Turkiſh Vice-Admiral, he was baniſhed immediately after his return to Conſtantinople, and afterwards brought back and beheaded.

The Captain Baſhaw is equipping the fleet with all poſſible diſpatch, and will ſail early in the ſpring, with a force that will compel the Ruſſian ſquadron on the Black Sea to act on the defenſive, unleſs their fleet from the Baltic is permitted to enter the Mediterranean, and make a diverſion to the ſouthward. But as this would be entirely depriving the Porte of every proſpect of oppoſing, with any ſucceſs, the machinations of her enemies, England certainly can never permit ſo deciſive a ſtep to be taken in favor of the ambitious, and to us, deſtructive views of the two Imperial Courts.

The Reis Effendi, or Principal Secretary of State, is ſaid to poſſeſs ſufficient abilities

abilities to fill that office in any country in Europe. The following anecdote of him, will give you an idea of his opinion of France and England. The ſpirited conduct of our Court during the late diſturbances in Holland, reflects the greateſt honor on the King and his Miniſters; and it is ſaid, that Sir Robert Ainſlie, our Ambaſſador at the Porte, with his uſual patriotic attention to the honor and intereſt of his country, drew up a ſhort narrative of that important buſineſs, and delivered it to the Porte.

At an audience afterwards given to Sir Robert, the Turkiſh Miniſtry congratulated his Excellency on the diſtinguiſhed ſucceſs of his Court, and the Reis Effendi, I am told, made theſe obſervations, "You have acted with all "your uſual courage—but with more "than your uſual wiſdom. You have "carried your point without bloodſhed, "and

" and have left the French to fight among " themſelves."

The laſt ſentence occaſioned ſome ſurpriſe; but by what I learn from the French officers who are juſt arrived, a violent convulſion in France is not far diſtant, and the Reis Effendi bids fair to prove by it, his profound knowledge of the interior ſtate of that kingdom, a knowledge which Turkiſh Miniſters are not generally expected to poſſeſs, at leaſt of nations that are not their immediate neighbours.

An army of obſervation is forming on the Banks of the Danube, to watch the motions of the Germans, whoſe hoſtile declaration is hourly expected. The Baron de Herbert has given himſelf great airs in the Divan, and threatened vengeance on the Porte, for daring to attack the ally of the Emperor, his maſter. The Turks treated theſe threats with

with the contempt ſuch impertinence deſerved; but at the ſame time, with great gravity and wiſdom, they informed the Baron, that they were aware of the power of the Emperor, and would be ſorry to ſee it exerted againſt them; but ſtill that, truſting to the equity of Europe, they were determined to riſk this unequal conflict, rather than ſubmit to thoſe inceſſant encroachments, which, by daily weakening the Porte, and increaſing the power of the two Imperial Courts, muſt end, if unoppoſed, in the total ſubverſion of the Ottoman Empire.

The Emperor ſeems convinced that threats will not avail, and even at this late ſeaſon, daily accounts arrive of the march of his troops towards the frontiers.

Conſtant ſkirmiſhes are happening between the Turks and the Ruſſians on the borders

borders of the Crimea; and ſince my laſt letter, the Porte have received information of the capture of twelve hundred Ruſſians, and of the Iſland of Taman being taken by the Tartars of Kuban. The poſſeſſion of this iſland is of great conſequence to the Turks, ſince it forms the eaſt ſide of the ſtraits of Woſphor Zabach, which connect the Black Sea with the ſea of Azof.

To balance this ſucceſs, the French, and other enemies of the Porte, give out that a General Sekell, with a corps of Ruſſians, has routed a detachment of theſe ſame Tartars, in the vicinity of Mount Caucaſus. The ſeaſon, however, is too far advanced for any thing deciſive to be done.

In April the Grand Vizir will take the field in earneſt; but in the mean while the Moſcovite troops are gathering towards Turkey, on the banks of the Dneiper,

Dnieper, the Bog, and the Dnieſter; and if the Emperor engages the attention of the Ottoman grand army, the Ruſſian Generals will begin the enſuing campaign with the ſiege of Oczakow, and the invaſion of Moldavia. Prince Potemkin will direct the former, Count Romanzow the latter; and unleſs ſome other power interferes, it is not difficult to foreſee, that the Imperial Courts will ſoon accompliſh all their ambitious ſchemes againſt this brave, but unenlightened people.

LETTER XVIII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Athens, Jan. 29th, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE took leave of our Smyrna friends on the 19th of January, and having paſſed Scio, Leſbos, and Ipſera, were off Scyros on the 21ſt. We wiſhed to viſit this iſland, becauſe it contains the tomb of Theſeus, who killed the monſter of Crete, and carried off the beauteous Ariadne; but the wind not permitting us to fetch it, we continued our courſe by Negropont, Longa, and the Promontory of Sunium. But the next morning the wind blew ſo ſtrong againſt us, that finding it in vain to oppoſe it, we croſſed the Sinus Sironicus,

and anchored among the little iſlands of Idra. The weather continued bad for three days; it drove all the wild fowl to the ſhore, and afforded us excellent ſhooting, which compenſated our delay.

On the 25th we again got under way, and the day after entered the Pyræus, the port of this celebrated city. What emotion muſt one feel on entering the ruins of a capital, which, from a ſmall village, firſt formed into a regular government by Cecrops, became ſo flouriſhing, and ſo populous a ſtate, that its citizens alone, in the famous battle of Marathon, delivered all Greece from the yoke of the Perſians.

A. A. C. 1556.

Xerxes was ſo little diſcouraged by the misfortunes of his father, that the moment he aſcended his throne, he determined to make a ſecond attempt. His army

army is ſaid to have exceeded a million of men; and the number of his fleet was in proportion to the multitude of his troops. On his entering Upper Greece, moſt of the ſtates, intimidated by the immenſity of his armament, ſubmitted to the enemy.

The Peloponneſians having the advantage of inhabiting a country almoſt an iſland, and only aſſailable at the narrow Iſthmus of Corinth, determined to defend themſelves. Themiſtocles infuſed the ſame ſpirit into the Athenians, and promoted the recall of his rival, Ariſtides. Their allies thinking it in vain to oppoſe the Perſians beyond the Peloponneſus, wiſhed all their forces to retire within the Iſthmus. But the Athenians, encouraged by their former victory, bravely reſolved once more to become the champions of Greece, and oppoſe the enemy before he entered Attica.

Having brought the allies into this reſolution, a detachment under Leonidas, King of Sparta, took poſſeſſion of the paſs of Thermopylæ, and for ſome time ſupported themſelves againſt all the efforts of Xerxes, and his innumerable hoſt. But a ſecret path being treacherouſly diſcovered to the enemy, Leonidas was ſurpriſed in the morning by ſeeing the Perſians in poſſeſſion of the heights above him.

Xerxes had now gained a deciſive advantage; but the laws of Sparta not permitting its citizens to retreat, Leonidas ſent back all his detachment, except three hundred, who were natives of that city. With theſe he devoted himſelf to the ſervice of his country, and falling upon the invaders, made a prodigious ſlaughter among them; but freſh numbers continually ſupplying the place of the ſlain, this great and gallant Prince

A. A. C. 480.

was at laſt overpowered, and died with his heroic aſſociates, in the midſt of thouſands of their enemies.

In this juncture, the Athenians conſulted the Oracle, and were deſired to truſt to their wooden walls. Themiſtocles perſuaded all thoſe who were capable of bearing arms to embark in the fleet; the women and children were removed; and the town, abandoned to the enemy, fell a prey to the barbarians.

The fleet was aſſembled in the ſtraits, within the Iſland of Salamis. Xerxes, who already talked of nothing but of extirpating the Greeks, by ſeizing their ſhips, flattered himſelf that he had now an opportunity of deſtroying them all at one blow. He therefore raſhly attacked them in this narrow paſs; but he ſoon found the ſuperiority of the Grecian Admirals, who, by the excel-

lence of their diſpoſition, brought a much greater number of ſhips into action than the Perſians could oppoſe at one time. Their van was of courſe defeated, which threw a general panick into the barbarians, and ended in a complete victory on the ſide of the Greeks.

The Perſian King, who beheld the battle of Salamis from a neighbouring height, finding himſelf unable to ſupport his immenſe army, after the loſs of his fleet, retreated with the utmoſt precipitation. But before he quitted Greece, he gave Mardonius the command of a large detachment, to ſecure part of his conqueſts; but theſe being ſome months afterwards entirely defeated by Pauſanias and Ariſtides at Platæa, and moſt of the troops the King carried with him having periſhed in the retreat, the Grecians purſued him into Aſia.

Athens

Athens now roſe, by rapid ſtrides, to its higheſt luſtre. Themiſtocles augmented the navy, rebuilt the city, fortified the Pyræus, and joined it to the town, which is four miles diſtant, by a ſtrong fortified wall. His grand object was to throw the whole power of Greece into the hands of the Athenians; but the ſteps by which he propoſed to attain this end, were ſo much diſapproved, that he was baniſhed. Accuſed afterwards of being concerned in the conſpiracy of Pauſanias, the Lacedemonian Admiral, for delivering Greece into the hands of the Perſians, he was obliged to fly his country; and being purſued from place to place, although innocent of the charge preferred againſt him, he was at laſt compelled to take refuge at the Court of Perſia.

There he was moſt hoſpitably entertained for ſeveral years; but in the ſucceeding wars, the King requiring him

to lead an army againſt the Grecians, he ſuffered the greateſt diſtreſs in the conteſt between gratitude and patriotiſm; and neither of theſe virtues being able to overcome the other, he ended the conflict by putting a period to his exiſtence. On his being baniſhed, Ariſtides ſucceeded him in the charge of the revenues, and Cimon in the command of the forces. The glorious exploits of this young hero almoſt eclipſed even thoſe of Miltiades, his father. He gained ſeveral great victories over the Perſians, by ſea and land, and beautified the city with the ſpoils of the enemy.

A. A. C. 470.

Ariſtides dying, Pericles ſucceeded him, and became the rival of Cimon, who was baniſhed on a ſuſpicion of favoring the Lacedemonians, but recalled five years afterwards. He ſettled, for a time, the differences between the rival cities, and

A. A. C. 455.

and led them once more againſt the common enemy. And having ended a war of fifty-one years, by an honorable peace with the Perſians, he died on the eve of returning to Athens. He was ſucceeded by Thucydides, his brother-in-law, but who was ſoon baniſhed by Pericles, who now exerciſed alone the ſovereign authority.

This illuſtrious patriot was equally attentive to the proſperity, and to the beauty of the city. With one hand he enriched her with the wealth of every nation, with the other he adorned her with the works of the moſt celebrated maſters. Phidias, the famous ſculptor, flouriſhed in his adminiſtration, and it is to him we are indebted for the magnificent Temple of Minerva.

But neither his refined genius, nor his political abilities, could exempt his country from the envy which proſperity generally

generally attracts. The ſplendour ſhe had attained, and the haughtineſs it occaſioned, drew upon her the complaints of many of the Powers of Greece, and particularly of all thoſe within the Peloponneſus. Animated by Pericles, Athens, although averſe to hoſtile meaſures, was reſolved not to ſubmit to the attacks of the Lacedemonians, but, conſcious of her reſources, determined to ſupport her dignity; and thus, undaunted by ſuperior force, ſhe ſuſtained herſelf for twenty-ſeven years, againſt the united efforts of all her enemies, in the famous Peloponneſian war.

A. A. C. 431.

Pericles died at the cloſe of the fourth campaign; but the war was continued until the end of the tenth, when a truce was concluded, on terms very advantageous to Athens. But the ambition of Alcibiades, who now began to be diſtinguiſhed at Athens, ſoon brought on a renewal

a renewal of hoſtilities. He oppoſed Nicias on every occaſion, and, contrary to the advice of that excellent General, perſuaded the Athenians to ſend a conſiderable part of their forces into Sicily, himſelf embarking on that expedition: but, being ſoon recalled, he fled to Sparta, where he joined the enemy, and became the ſcourge of Attica. In the mean while, Syracuſe was reduced to great ſtraights; but, a reinforcement arriving from Peloponneſus, the Athenians were entirely defeated, and Nicias, their General, moſt inhumanly put to death.

A. A. C. 413.

This blow diſpirited the Athenians ſo much, that Alcibiades, compaſſionating their diſtreſs, returned to his duty. At firſt he was ſurpriſingly ſucceſsful; but the fleet ſuffering a defeat whilſt he was abſent on an expedition, he was deprived of the command, for having left it in unworthy hands.

The

The Athenians had ſoon reaſon to repent this act; for, notwithſtanding their fleet gained a conſiderable advantage under Conon, it was afterwards attacked by ſurpriſe in the Helleſpont, and entirely deſtroyed. Lyſander, who gained this celebrated victory, after ſubduing all the maritime places in his route, arrived at Athens, and obliged her to ſurrender.

A. A. C. 404.

The city now ſuffered all the horrors of the moſt cruel tyranny and oppreſſion: but the Lacedemonians, exulting in their proſperity, as the Athenians had done before, raiſed up a confederacy againſt them, by which, after ten years ſlavery, Athens thoroughly recovered her liberty, and regained her former conſequence; and, although Thebes, under Epaminondas, ſeemed for a time to rival her, ſhe maintained her ſuperiority over the reſt of Greece, until Philip of Macedon, having defeated the Grecians

A. A. C. 337.

cians in the battle of Chæronea, obliged them to nominate him Commander in Chief of their forces.

Demoſthenes had long obſerved the ſteps by which this Monarch aimed at the ſubjection of Greece, and endeavoured, in his celebrated orations, to rouſe the ſpirit of his countrymen; but he did not ſucceed until it was too late.

Philip left his authority to his ſon Alexander, the Conqueror, during whoſe abſence in Perſia, the Athenians attempted to regain their liberties, but were ſoon ſuppreſſed by his General Antipater. On the death of Alexander, Athens again revolted, and at firſt obtained ſome conſiderable advantages; but Antipater, being reinforced, put an end to her triumphs, and cauſed her principal citizens to be put to death. Demoſthenes

A. A. C. 322.

moſthenes fled; but, being detected in his retreat, he poiſoned himſelf.

From this time, Athens was almoſt conſtantly kept in ſubjection by one or other of the ſucceſſors of Alexander, until about two hundred years before Chriſt, when, being attacked by Philip III. of Macedon, the Athenians complained to the Romans, who had lately concluded a peace with the King, but now again declared war againſt him; and being joined by ſeveral of the Greek States, Philip was ſoon overcome. The only uſe the Romans made of their conqueſt, was to ſhew their magnanimity, by reſtoring liberty to all the cities of Greece.

A. A. C. 196.

In the war between Rome and Antiochus, Greece was at firſt a principal ſcene of action. In this, the Romans were again ſucceſsful, and confirmed their former generoſity: but, at laſt,

finding the different States conſtantly at variance, and one or other of them ever imploring the aſſiſtance of Rome, they put an end to their diſputes, by forming them into a Roman province. They had previouſly defeated and taken Perſeus, the laſt King of Macedonia; after which, it only remained to diſpel the Achæan League, which had been ſo famous under Philopœmen.

A. A. C. 146.

In the war between Mithridates and the Romans, the former got poſſeſſion of Athens; but, after a noble defence, it was retaken the year following by Sylla, who carried its library to Rome, with many of its moſt valuable pieces of ſculpture and painting. Attica continued to ſhare the fate of the Romans, until their great Empire was divided into the Eaſtern and Weſtern branches. Greece then

A. A. C. 86.

then appertained to the former, and fell with it into the hands of the Turks, on the taking of Conſtantinople by Mahomet II.—A. D. 1453.

LETTER XIX.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Athens, February 3d, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ATHENS ſtill contains near ten thouſand inhabitants, and has lately been encloſed by a wall, to defend it from the irruptions of the Albanians, who are ever ripe for a revolt, and have ſeveral times plundered the town. The neighbourhood abounds with olive trees, and the French have eſtabliſhed a ſmall factory for the culture of them. The ancient citadel is always kept in a ſtate of defence; and, being ſituated on the flat ſurface of an unaſſailable rock, it is only to be ſubdued by famine, or a bombardment. But what moſt renders it an

object of curioſity, is, its containing the ſuperb Temple of Minerva, the moſt celebrated work of the illuſtrious Pericles. But, alas! of this magnificent pile, only enough is left to give us a faint idea of its former grandeur, and to make us lament the unhappy fate of ſo ſublime an edifice. The columns which ſupported the ſouth ſide, and part of the front, are ſtill ſtanding, with ſome elegant metopes, which repreſent the exploits of the different heroes of Athens, and the battle of the Amazons: but theſe are every year falling down, from a violent ſhock the remains of the temple received, about a century ago, from the Venetians, who, in bombarding the citadel, blew up a powder magazine within it.

From theſe ruins of fallen greatneſs, it is a pleaſant relief to turn our eyes to the Temple of Theſeus, which, being converted into a Greek church, is ſtill perfect.

perfect. Here the ſympathetic ſoul enjoys the generous glow of admiration, in contemplating a monument of gratitude to a departed hero, and the ſatisfaction of ſeeing, that the ravages of more than two thouſand years have not been able to affect the work of a grateful people in honor of a patriotic Prince: ſo may we hope, that, to the laſt day, it will remain a living proof of the generoſity of the one, and of the merit of the other.

Theſeus was the great grandſon of Cecrops, and, like him, corrected the wandering manner in which his people lived, and formed them into civil ſocieties; whence he is juſtly called the ſecond founder of Athens.

In the preceding narration, I took no notice of the exploits of this Prince, becauſe they are ſtories we have been accuſtomed to hear from our cradles, and, although founded on truth, are

generally claſſed among thoſe of the fabulous kind. For the ſame reaſon, I paſſed over the death of his ſucceſſor, Mneſtheus, at the ſiege of Troy, as well the expedition for the Golden Fleece, and the other events in which Athens was concerned previous to the invaſion of the Perſians.

The temple is an elegant edifice, ſupported by a beautiful colonnade, on a ſimilar plan to the largeſt at Peſtum. It was erected in the adminiſtration of Cimon, who, having diſcovered the bones of Theſeus in the iſland of Shyros, where he was killed by a fall from a precipice, reſtored them to his native city. The metopes on the front, and part of the ſides, are ornamented with baſſo relievo, repreſenting the battle of the Centaurs. Theſe, you may recollect, were nothing more than the cavalry of Theſſaly, where the men were ſo perfect in the management of their horſes, that,

when mounted, they were ſuppoſed to be part of the ſame animal.

The eaſt gateway, which was alſo erected to Theſeus, remains tolerably perfect. It was repaired by Adrian, who added an inſcription, importing that Athens was now become his city; and, indeed, by his liberality, he in ſome meaſure made amends for the depredations the Romans committed upon her ornaments, and earned the title of one of her founders. It was this Emperor who raiſed that ſuperb pile the Pantheon, dedicated to all the Gods; which, by its grandeur, elegance and beauty, juſtly merited that exalted title. Out of an hundred and twenty columns, each eighteen feet in circumference, only nine are ſtanding. They are of the fineſt marble, with very rich Corinthian capitals. Thoſe of Theſeus and Minerva are Doric.

The monument vulgarly called the Lanthorn of Demoſthenes, being inhabited by a French Monk, and the octagonal Temple of the Winds, by a Turkiſh Derviſe, are ſtill entire. The former is light and elegant; the latter has nothing but its antiquity to recommend it; for the figures which repreſent the different winds, are ſo indifferently executed, that, were not their names inſcribed below them, it would be impoſſible to know their qualities.

Some triumphal columns, and other monuments, are ſtill left in tolerable preſervation, beſides a conſiderable part of the Theatre of Bacchus, and many other fragments and ruins, which I am leſs particular in deſcribing, becauſe we have taken exact plans of all of them.

The channel of the Ilyſſus, whoſe banks were formerly ſo famous, is dry, even at this rainy ſeaſon; and I have

ſeveral

ſeveral times walked in its bed, as well as in the olive groves where Plato delivered his lectures. I have alſo been as far as the plains of Marathon, to pay my oblations at the ſhrine of Miltiades—an intereſting ſcene to a Soldier, and of which my military friends may expect an exact deſcription.

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

GENERAL ELIOTT,

LORD HEATHFIELD.

This celebrated field is about twelve miles in circumference, and a day's march from Athens. It is washed by the sea on the east, and surrounded by mountains on every other side, except the south-east corner, where the flat is continued a short space along the shore, and afterwards terminated by hills. The part where this slip joins the grand plain, has a large morass in its center, which extends pretty close to the hills on one side, and near the water's edge on the other.

There

There are two roads from the plains to Athens; the one by the moraſs, the other through the town of Marathon, which lies at the foot of the hills, nearly oppoſite the center of the plains.

Miltiades' army, in point of numbers, was not equal to one tenth of the Perſians; but he knew that by waiting for them under the walls of Athens, he ſhould abandon the country to their ravages, and ſubmit to ſee them receive their convoys, and gather proviſions unmoleſted; and poſſibly even ſubject himſelf to a famine. He therefore determined, at all events, to keep from between the enemy and the capital, and wait for an opportunity of attacking them to advantage. And this Fortune ſoon gave him. The Perſians having reached the plains of Marathon, accompanied by their fleet, purſued the road neareſt the ſea. Their van had already aſcended the heights, their main body filled

filled the flat beneath, and their rear was paſſing the narrow ſpace on the ſides of the moraſs. Hiſtorians tell us, that Miltiades drew his whole ſtrength into his wings, and particularly his right, leaving his center almoſt open. But as they have not been ſufficiently minute in deſcribing the ſcene of this memorable action, I could not thoroughly perceive the excellence of his diſpoſition, until I beheld the field of battle.

The moraſs ſupplied the place of troops in his center. The ſpace on the left was but narrow, conſequently his greateſt exertions were required on his right. This the General thoroughly underſtood, and at the moment the Perſians were in the ſituation I have juſt deſcribed, he ruſhed from the town of Marathon, and by his admirable diſpoſition, brought his whole force to act on the enemy's rear.

The Perſians, encumbered and confined, and ſcarce able to uſe their arms, were inſtantly thrown into confuſion, and hewn down in immenſe numbers. The main body faced about, and advanced to the aſſiſtance of the rear. The van, confident of victory from their numbers, deſcended from the heights to purſue their ſucceſs. The whole crowded together in the narrow paſſes, making a general, confuſed attempt to break into the plain: but the Athenians conſtantly out-fronting them, and the immenſe numbers of the enemy only ſerving to incommode themſelves, and to create confuſion, they were ſlain as faſt as they advanced. At length thoſe in front, unable to withſtand the terrible carnage that raged around them, attempted to fly; but being prevented from retreating by thoſe behind them, who not having ſeen the ſlaughter, ſtill puſhed forward, they precipitately threw themſelves into the moraſs.

Victory

Victory now declared for the Athenians, who, purſuing their advantage, fell with ſuch violence on the diſordered ranks of the enemy, that to eſcape their fury, their neareſt opponents were compelled to turn, and in deſpair, forced their way through their own friends. A general rout immediately enſued, and the exertions of the Athenians encreaſing with their ſucceſs, they drove the enemy headlong before them. Near thirty thouſand Perſians fell by the ſword. Numbers periſhed in the moraſs, and the reſt, in confuſion and diſmay, eſcaped to their ſhips.

Theſe, my Lord, are my ideas of the principles on which Miltiades acted, and what I have conceived to have been the plan of the battle, from ſeeing the plains on which it was fought. I am, however, aware that one of the cauſes to which I attribute the ſucceſs of the Greeks—their out-fronting the enemy—

was

was a leſs advantage in thoſe days, than it has become ſince the invention of muſketry and artillery. But although the Grecians made their grand exertions by cloſe action, yet it is to be preſumed, from the hilly, irregular country in which this army was generally to act, that it was not without a conſiderable corps of ſlingers and bowmen, who, in the diſpoſition I have given, might act to the greateſt advantage upon the enemy's flank.

It is needleſs to ſay that the Perſians, by forming *en potence* along the ſides of the moraſs, might have brought as many men into action as the Greeks; they were too much confuſed by the ſudden attack, bordering on a ſurpriſe, to execute this manœuvre, and moſt likely their troops with miſſive weapons were not in this part of their army.

The

The moſt plauſible objection to my plan is, that had the Perſians, inſtead of engaging and crowding themſelves in the ſituation Miltiades attacked them, made a retreating fight, till they paſſed the narrow flat, and ſecured the heights, it was then in their power, had Miltiades perſiſted in the attack, completely to ſurround him, by making part of the troop on the heights, in front, deploy along the eminence, and then deſcend in his rear, whilſt the reſt of the army, now advantageouſly poſted on the heights, would probably have prevented his forcing their front.

This is, doubtleſs, what a good General would have done. But when the Generals are equal, how can men be expected to beat ten times their number? Miltiades was in one of thoſe ſituations, where inaction is as fatal as a defeat; and it was his duty to ſeize every opportunity, in which it was in Fortune's power

power to favor his deſigns. He acted on theſe principles, and was crowned with the ſucceſs his courage deſerved.

At firſt the Athenians thought no praiſes they could beſtow, equal to the merit of Miltiades; but in my letter from Paros, I mentioned the cruel perſecution he afterwards ſuffered. But the death of this great man having diſarmed the malice of his enemies, they ſoon became ſenſible of their ſhameful ingratitude; and as ſome atonement to the manes of their departed hero, they erected a monument to his memory on the plains where he gained his glory.

Of this ſacred tomb, only the baſe remains. I picked up a chip of marble that had fallen from it, and was inſtantly impreſſed with the idea of having this honored relick ſet, with a ſuitable device, in ſome of the metal from the Battering Ships, deſtroyed before Gibraltar,

raltar, and thus to commemorate and unite the greateſt victory of Greece, with the moſt glorious achievement of Britain.

LETTER XX.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Athens, February 5th, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON our way to Marathon, we turned a little out of the road to ſee a mutilated ſtatue of a Lion, which ſtill bears the ſigns of moſt excellent workmanſhip.

We have already repeatedly viewed every thing worthy notice in Athens; but as the painter has not yet finiſhed his drawings, we ſhall remain here ſome days longer, during which we mean to make an excurſion to the Iſlands of Salamis, Ægina, &c. But as they contain nothing worthy deſcription, I will cloſe

this ſketch of the hiſtory and antiquities of this intereſting city, with a ſhort account of the religion of its preſent inhabitants. About one-fifth of them are Turks, and the reſt Greeks.

GREEK RELIGION.

St. Paul, you recollect, viſited Athens, and the other ſtates of Greece, to preach Chriſtianity; and notwithſtanding all the anathemas the Pope has denounced againſt the Greeks, there is, in fact, but little difference between their religion, and that of the Roman Catholics. They equally make uſe of the ſign of the croſs; worſhip images; pray to the ſaints; have confeſſors; and believe in tranſubſtantiation, although they do not kneel at the elevation of the Hoſt. If they deny the doctrine of purgatory, they admit ſomething very like it, in praying for the ſouls of the dead. Their Biſhops and ſuperior clergy are never permitted

to

to marry; but a ſimple prieſt is allowed that indulgence once in his life, though he can never take a ſecond wife. They acknowlege the Pope to be the chief of the Patriarchs, but deny his having the power of granting indulgences; and this was his Holineſs's firſt reaſon for accuſing them of ſchiſm.

It is true, there is another grand point in which they diſſent both from the Roman Catholics and the Proteſtants; I mean the article of the Holy Ghoſt, which they ſay can proceed from the Father only. There are ſome leſs eſſential differences, ſuch as their uſing leavened bread in the conſecration of the Sacrament, and mixing the bread and wine together. And they alſo differ in the ceremonies of baptiſm, marriage, and burial. In the firſt they give three complete immerſions. The ſecond is performed by the prieſt's changing the ring from the bride's to the bridegroom's finger,

ſaying a few words, and then from the bridegroom's to the bride's. He repeats this ceremony about thirty times, without any alteration, and when he deſiſts, it is again as often performed by each of the godfathers and godmothers. Their funerals are like thoſe of the ſavages—howling and making hideous cries till the corpſe is interred, and then feaſting over the grave.

The Patriarch of Conſtantinople is the head of the Greek Church, and has under him the Patriarchs of Jeruſalem, Damaſcus, and Alexandria. St. Polycarp is their favorite Saint. He was one of St. John's diſciples, and ſuffered martyrdom at Smyrna, of which he was the firſt Archbiſhop.

MAHOMETAN RELIGION.

From the religion of the Greeks, I naturally turn to that of the Turks. To have

have a juſt idea of this, it is neceſſary that we ſhould diveſt ourſelves of every prejudice; and in arraigning the character of a man whom death has prevented from appearing in his own defence, Juſtice ever requires, that if we do not put the moſt favorable conſtruction on his actions, we ſhould, at leaſt, treat them with impartiality.

To ſpeak candidly then, Mahomet might be a religious and a moral man. His father left him in rather penurious circumſtances, but profiting to the utmoſt by the education his friends could afford him, and always preſerving a moſt unexceptionable character, he roſe to be factor of a rich widow, whom he afterwards married; and becoming, by this connection, a perſon of ſome conſequence in his country, he felt it his duty to devote himſelf to its welfare.

He ſaw, with the utmoſt concern, that the Jews and the Chriſtians were conſtantly at variance, and that Idolatry was daily gaining ground. To check the progreſs of a practice ſo unworthy the human mind, and ſo degrading to our Divine Maker, appeared to him an object worthy his whole attention. Filled with this idea, it became the conſtant ſubject of his thoughts, and after long revolving it in his mind, he, at length, conceived it impoſſible to attain his end by any other method, but by that of uniting the Jews and the Chriſtians in one religion. And this he knew could only be effected by admitting part of the tenets of both.

For this purpoſe, he acknowleged Adam, Noah, Abraham, and Moſes, whom the Jews regarded as their chief Prophets, to whom he added our Bleſſed Saviour; in commemoration of whoſe

mildneſs and beneficence, he called him the Breath of God—the moſt flattering appellation he could offer, conſiſtent with the delicacy it was neceſſary to obſerve towards the Jews. Nevertheleſs, a Chriſtian cannot ſufficiently lament, that he was obliged to make conceſſions to a people execrated by God. But as his only object was to reſtore the divine worſhip to its original purity, he conceived that the Almighty would not be diſpleaſed at the means he was about to adopt ſo attain ſo laudable an end.

The firſt perſon to whom he communicated his deſign, was her in whom, as a good man, he was moſt intereſted, I mean his wife. She readily embraced his ſentiments, and, in a ſhort time, many of their relations adopted their opinions. Nevertheleſs, the Arabs in general continued obſtinate in their ſuperſtition and idolatry; and as Mahomet as yet only made uſe of the gentle methods

of perſuaſion, his proſelytes increaſed ſo ſlowly, that he had reaſon to deſpair of ſucceſs, unleſs he could make it be believed that he received ſupernatural aſſiſtance.

Thus far his conduct is irreproachable, ſince we may forgive his endeavouring to compound the Jewiſh and Chriſtian religions, which in him, was at worſt but an error in judgment. But from this moment, he began to loſe ſight of the delicacy and patriotic diſintereſtedneſs by which he was hitherto actuated, and we muſt reſign him to the laſh of the Chriſtian and Jewiſh divines, both of whom have agreed in ſtigmatizing him by the epithet of "Impoſtor." Nevertheleſs a philanthropic mind will always be inclined to pity him, and to lament that a man naturally religious, with ſo noble an object in view, ſhould be drawn into meaſures unworthy the piety of his primitive intentions.

He

He pretended, or perhaps his enthuſiaſm made him believe, that the Angel Gabriel had appeared to him; and, in the name of God, charged him with his miſſion. But ſtill his progreſs was not equal to his wiſhes; he therefore made uſe of another impoſture, and declared that he had been carried up to Heaven, and converſed with God. This, and ſome miracles he was ſaid to have performed, gave him an unbounded ſway over the minds of the people. But the perſecution of the Government increaſing with his ſucceſs, he was ſeveral times obliged to fly from Mecca. Hitherto he had preached nothing but peace; but his fame having now ſpread, and gained him many proſelytes in the neighbouring ſtates, he found himſelf in a condition to accompliſh by force, what he had in vain attempted by perſuaſion. Provoked at the oppoſition he met with, he gave out that God, irritated at the obſtinacy of his enemies, had ordered him

to

to take up arms againſt them. He therefore raiſed an army, with which he beat the Koreiſh, or head tribe of Mecca, in the famous battle of Bedr, and gained many other victories, each of which increaſing his fame and his followers, he uſurped the civil and military authority, as well as the religious, and before he died, had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing himſelf acknowleged by many of the Eaſtern nations.

The Mahometans date their Hegira from the period of their Prophet's flight from Mecca to Medina, during which ſuch miracles, they ſay, were performed in his favor, that it was no longer poſſible to doubt his being the Meſſenger of God. A. D. 622.

In addition to his being an Impoſtor, and making uſe of violent meaſures, it is farther objected againſt Mahomet, that he makes his paradiſe conſiſt in ſenſual pleaſures;

pleaſures; but in this he conformed to the diſpoſitions of the people he held it out to. He tells them that it is inhabited by female angels, whoſe charms ſurpaſs conception, and who, although adorned by the moſt delicate modeſty, will yield to the embraces of the Faithful. That they live in large pavilions of hollow pearls, in the midſt of refreſhing fountains and ſhady groves, abounding with the moſt delicious fruits. Beſides which, the fleeteſt horſes, elegantly capariſoned, and every thing elſe they may deſire, will immediately ſpring up for them.

His faith conſiſts in belief in God, and predeſtination; in his Angels, his Scriptures, and his Prophets; in the Reſurrection and final Judgment. On that awful day the principal queſtions aſked the Mahometans will be, How they ſpent their time? How they acquired and uſed their wealth? What uſe they

they made of their knowledge? and how they exerciſed their bodies?

Infidels and hypocrites will be damned without redemption; but the good and bad actions of the Mahometans will be balanced againſt each other, and the puniſhments of the guilty will be in proportion to their ſins; the ſlighteſt of which will be nine hundred years confinement in a hell, ſo very hot as to make the brain boil through the ſkull; and the heavieſt nine thouſand in a place where the heat is ſeven times more horrible.

Oppreſſors, and ſuch as have been guilty of malice or injuſtice, will be obliged to ſuffer in the next world for the ſins of thoſe whom they injured in this. An idea that cannot be too much admired.

Another

Another ſtriking inſtance of the humanity of Mahomet's diſpoſition, is the great encomiums he conferred upon Charity. He tells his followers that nothing will be more acceptable to God than alms; and to ſhew our gratitude to him for thoſe we are conſtantly receiving at his hands, he orders that they ſhall pray at leaſt five times a day; and that there may be no excuſe for neglecting this duty, the muezzins are obliged to aſcend the ſteeples at ſtated times, and there appriſe the people that "it is time to "pray."

In this we ſee both gratitude and wiſdom; and to do ample juſtice to Mahomet, it only remains to examine how far his religion tended to promote the happineſs and proſperity of his brethren. To do this, we muſt keep their country in view. It will then readily occur to us, that the Arabians living in a ſtate of warfare,

warfare, population muſt neceſſarily decreaſe, and the number of women conſiderably exceed that of the men. What remedy could he apply to this evil, but a plurality of wives? Or how put a ſtop to drunkenneſs, but by prohibiting wine? The climate of Arabia is hot; heat produces wantonneſs, wantonneſs leads to proſtitution, and proſtitution creates ſin, diſeaſe, and depopulation. Theſe are crying evils, and the only method to prevent them was, by forbidding every intercourſe between the two ſexes, man and wife only excepted. For ſhe muſt be an abandoned woman indeed, who will make the firſt advances to impure love, and theſe to a man to whom ſhe had never before ſpoken.

But as a farther encouragement to population, and that the female captives taken in war might be of ſervice to the

the ſtate, he tolerates maſters lying with their ſlaves, who, on their part, are to preſerve all the modeſty and diſcretion of a wife, and in return, are always to be treated with tenderneſs.

That Mahomet allowed theſe indulgences, more through policy than inclination, is evident, ſince even his bittereſt enemies have never accuſed him of bigamy, or of impure love, before the death of his firſt wife. If he afterwards became abandoned, it is no wonder, for he had then caſt off his pious principles; and every wiſe perſon knows, whatever pretenders to philoſophy may ſay, that a man, when he abandons religion, generally abandons morality alſo.

Upon the whole, I believe, this is by much the moſt favorable account ever written

written of Mahomet by a Chriſtian; yet, if we analyze the writings of our own theologiſts, and ſet aſide their abuſive epithets, we ſhall find that I have ſaid nothing more than they themſelves have admitted; becauſe, not underſtanding the Turkiſh language, I have truſted to them for matters of fact, although, in juſtice to a dead man, I could not aſcribe to ambition and ſelfiſhneſs, what might originally proceed from virtue, however different a turn it might afterwards take.

To cloſe this eſſay with the candour with which I have conducted it, we muſt allow, that as a patriot and a politician, Mahomet merits a great ſhare of our commendation. But how unworthy a divine miſſion will his latter conduct appear, when compared with that of our Saviour. Neither perſecution nor torture, could provoke the Bleſſed Jeſus to

a deviation from his Heavenly Mildneſs; but conſtantly adhering to the will of our Father, he lived, and he died for the good of mankind.

LETTER XXI.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Leghorn, March 10th, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON the 9th of February we ſailed from the Pyræus, but the next morning a violent gale riſing up againſt us, we were obliged to take ſhelter in our old port at Idra. During the night the wind changed, and at day-break on the 11th we again got under way, and ſailing along the coaſt of Mycene and Argos, the kingdoms of Agamemnon and Menelaus, reached Cape Angelo at ſunſet; and ſtanding to the weſtward, we paſſed between Servi and the iſland of Venus; and thus, for the preſent, took leave of the Archipelago. We ſaw no remains of antiquity

antiquity on that part of Peloponneſus which we have coaſted.

At day-break on the 14th, we were in ſight of Mount Ætna, but the wind not permitting us to fetch Meſſina, we ſtood towards Syracuſe, and in the evening tacked near the little iſland of Ortygia, which furniſhed the poets with the fable of Alpheus and Arethuſa.

The next day was almoſt a calm, but at ſunſet a light breeze ſpringing up in our favor, we entered the ſtraits of Scylla and Charybdis, and anchored at Meſſina on the 16th. Here we intended to have performed our quarantine, but as it has been the cuſtom at this place ever ſince the dreadful plague in 1743, not to receive veſſels from any port actually infected; and a lying report being raiſed, that the plague was then raging in the environs of Smyrna, the Health

Office refuſed to admit us, notwithſtanding our bringing a clean bill of health. We therefore put to ſea the following evening, and had ſcarce paſſed Charybdis, and got out of the ſtraits, before we were attacked by a violent ſtorm. We were now on a lee-ſhore, and the darkneſs of the night made our ſituation ſtill more unpleaſant. But at the moment we were moſt apprehenſive, the wind favored us ſeveral points. The next morning the gale abated, and in the evening the wind became quite fair; there was, however, ſo little of it, that we were all this and the next day in ſight of the burning iſland of Strombolo. In the night of the 19th, the breeze freſhened, and carrying us 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 knots an hour, we ſaw Corſica ſoon after day-light on the 21ſt, and at five the ſame afternoon anchored in Leghorn roads. Lord Hervey, who has ſucceeded Sir Horace Mann, as Ambaſſador at Florence, happening

pening to be at Leghorn, intereſted himſelf in our favor; in conſequence of which our quarantine was only fifteen days, and we got prattick the day before yeſterday.

The town is well fortified both by ſea and land, and, on account of its advantageous ſituation for trade, and its being a free port, it is filled with merchants of every claſs and perſuaſion.

Corſica being in ſight of Leghorn, it forms one of the paſſes that intercept the trade of the Mediterranean, and is conſequently an excellent ſtation for a ſquadron in time of war. The road, indeed, is open, and in winter dangerous; but this evil is, in ſome meaſure, remedied by two capacious moles, deep enough for trading veſſels and ſmall frigates. And by means of a

canal which communicates with the Arno, it has water carriage even beyond Florence. I ſhall ſet out for that celebrated capital, as ſoon as I am a little collected after the voyage.

LETTER XXII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Florence, March 23d, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE left Leghorn on the 18th, and, two hours after, arrived at Piſa. We remained there the reſt of the day, and had juſt time to take a curſory view of the wonderful Leaning Tower, the celebrated Brazen Gates of the Cathedral, the Dome, the College, and the Chapel of the Knights of St. Stephen, &c. &c. Early next morning, we reſumed our journey, and, at four in the afternoon, arrived at this elegant city.

From Leghorn to Florence is ſixty-three miles, or, in the Italian ſtyle, eight

poſts, for each of which, with a pair of horſes, you pay four ſhillings, and the driver is entitled to a fifth, which cuſtom has increaſed to eighteen pence. The Italian miles being near a fourth ſhorter than the Engliſh, you generally go a poſt in an hour and a few minutes; but this depends very much upon what you give the poſtilions, who always take care to enquire from thoſe they relieve. The road is good and level, and remarkably pleaſant, the whole of it being in the populous and fertile vale of Arno, and almoſt conſtantly cloſe to the river.

In the barbarous ages, after the ſubverſion of the Roman empire, Tuſcany underwent many revolutions, and remained in a ſtate of ſubjection till the time of the Guelphs and Gibbelines, when the feuds of thoſe factions, and the conteſts between the Pope and the Emperor, enabled the Tuſcans to ſhake off the yoke. They were again ſubdued

dued by Charles V. who, having married his natural daughter to Alexander of Medicis, he gave him the Dukedom of Tuſcany: but Alexander, being a tyrant, was ſoon aſſaſſinated, and Coſmo, ſon of John of Medicis ſet up in his place, and formally crowned Grand Duke of Tuſcany by Pope Pius V.—A. D. 1570.

It is to this immortal Prince that we are indebted for the revival of the fine arts, and for the foundation of the Gallery of Florence, which each of his deſcendants increaſed and improved. The dukedom remained in their line for the ſpace of near two centuries, when the Medicis being extinct by Duke Gaſton dying without iſſue, it revolved to the Emperor, and is now governed by his brother.

The arts and ſciences ſuffered no loſs from this change. Peter Leopold is their moſt diſtinguiſhed patron; and the Gallery

lery is as much indebted to him as to the moſt elegant of his predeceſſors.

Formerly, people of humble fortunes were ſecluded from the view of theſe treaſures, by the extortion of the attendants; but their ſalaries have been lately increaſed, and they are prohibited from accepting preſents, on pain of loſing their places. The pooreſt peaſant has now a right to amuſe himſelf at his leiſure in every part of the Gallery, and admittance is refuſed to nobody but ſervants. It affords matter of ſurpriſe to an Engliſhman, that valets de chambres, and footmen, who have ſo much influence every where elſe, are here excluded from places that are open to the loweſt of every other tribe.

I have not troubled myſelf about the private character of Peter Leopold; but the face of his country, the induſtry and morality of his ſubjects, and the pleaſing

ſigns

ſigns of an happy and increaſing population, prove him a great and a good Prince. The morals of his people are one of his principal objects, in which he has ſo happily ſucceeded, that, in the general free mart of Leghorn, where formerly the trade of a harlot was as much permitted and in as high repute as any other, the houſes of ill fame are reduced to a very ſmall number; and, in a ſhort time, proſtitution will be as completely rooted out there as it already is out of every other part of Tuſcany.

By a law, as uncommon as it is juſt, a breach of modeſty is as ſeverely puniſhed in the male as in the female ſex; and a ſeducer, be his rank what it will, is obliged to marry the object he has polluted. None of either ſex are permitted to ſhut themſelves up in convents; and marriage is highly encouraged. Such, indeed, is this Prince's ſucceſs in promoting morality, and preventing vice among

among his people, that, different from moſt capitals, the women are innocent and healthy, as well as beautiful; and aſſaſſinations and robberies are here no longer heard of.

What a ſatisfaction will the philanthrope enjoy, when he finds that this public happineſs and virtue has been produced by the moſt laudable means. Peter Leopold thinks the lives of his ſubjects too valuable to ſacrifice even one to the gallows or the ſcaffold; but if a citizen is guilty of any tranſgreſſion, he atones for his crime by labouring on the public works, for the general good, with a label on his back, expreſſing his crime and his puniſhment.

This being the Holy Week, the Gallery will not be open for ſome days, which is no great diſappointment, ſince the fine taſte of the Medicis was not confined to their palaces only. The

town

town is ornamented with many celebrated pieces of ſculpture; the principal of which are, the group of Hercules reſcuing Dejanira from the Centaur, by Michael Angelo; and the Rape of the Sabines, by John Bologna; a ſuperb fountain, with Neptune in the center, drawn by four horſes, ſurrounded by as many perſons, each attended by two fawns or ſatyrs; a noble equeſtrian of Coſmo, and many other excellent ſtatues and columns, and a triumphal arch, erected in honour of the reigning family. I ſhould be guilty of great injuſtice to Peter Tacca, if I paſſed over his famous boar in the market-place. He forms a kind of fountain on the ground, ſlabbering out water in ſo natural a manner, that, at firſt, I actually took him for a hog, too lazy to remove from the wet.

The inſide of the churches are neat and elegant, white and gold, with ſcarlet and orange curtains. St. Croix contains

the tombs of M. Angelo, of Machiavel, and many other great men. Among a variety of paintings, two in the dome of St. John are rather ſingular, *Lex Scripta* and *Lex Naturæ*. The former has a forbidding look, and is muffled up like a prieſteſs. The other is in all the gaiety of youth, with an inviting perſon almoſt entirely diſplayed.

The ſoft gliding Arno divides the town; but the communication is preſerved by three ſtone bridges. The terraces along its banks are broad and well paved; and were it poſſible to tire where a variety of ſuch objects as thoſe I have mentioned are ever to be found, one has only to retire to the Botanical Gardens, or to thoſe of the Bobile. In the former we find every plant of the medical world. In the latter we may fancy ourſelves in England. They are laid out much in the manner of our pleaſure grounds, with open gravel walks, and

others ſhaded by the twining branches of the ſhrubs on each ſide; with an aviary, a green-houſe, ſeats, and ſummer houſes. But partaking alſo of the Italian, it is interſperſed with ſtatues, terraces, and fountains full of gold and ſilver fiſh.

How can we ſufficiently expreſs our gratitude to thoſe Princes who have furniſhed us with ſo many objects of innocent and laudable delight.

The elegant taſte of the Tuſcan Sovereigns, has been adopted by moſt of their Nobility, whoſe palaces may be conſidered as ſo many branches of the royal gallery. I have as yet only had time to viſit thoſe of Gerrini and Ricardi.

Biliberti's famous Clorinda would alone be ſufficient to immortalize the former. She is aſleep, relieved from the weight of

of her armour, with nothing to conceal any part of her exquiſite beauty, but one of the ribbons of her corſelet, which the air has moſt happily directed to ſhelter her modeſty; but which one is almoſt afraid will wave from her waiſt. In this unguarded moment, Tancred at once diſcovers her ſex and her beauty; but notwithſtanding her defenceleſs ſituation, notwithſtanding her irreſiſtible charms, and her being a chief of the enemy, there is ſomething ſo invincibly ſweet, ſo chaſte, and ſo inchanting in her countenance, that the hero ſtands transfixed with love and veneration, and dares not approach her. It is impoſſible not to enter into all the delicacy and ſenſibility of his feelings, and after the firſt glance, I confeſs to you, that, like him, I dared not ſuffer my eyes to wander below her neck, leſt hers ſhould open and avenge my profanation. An adverſe look from ſuch an angel,

angel, would be more inſupportable than the moſt tormenting death.

After ſo heavenly an object, one is particularly ſtruck with Salvator Roſa's Prometheus, in the ſame collection. He is ſtretched upon his back, with his hands and feet chained down, and the vulture preying on his liver. His excruciating torments are ſo forcibly expreſſed, that they fill one with horror. I therefore turned away, and hurried by Dido and Æneas, by Battoni; and the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, by Carlo Dolce, and ſeveral other admirable paintings, to gaze once more on the divine Clorinda.

The beſt pieces in the Palace Ricardi, are, the four Evangeliſts, by Carlo Dolce; St. John is incomparable; a Roman Charity, and ſix figures, repreſenting baſſo relievo.

The houſe in which Michael Angelo lived, is ſtill preſerved, and his hiſtory and principal works repreſented in a collection of paintings, with which the walls were hung by his ſcholars. It alſo contains ſome few pieces of his own, moſt of them unfiniſhed.

LETTER XXIII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Florence, March 26th, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN I inform you, that the Catalogue alone of the Gallery of Florence, fills a large volume, what an unconſcionable requeſt will my dear friend appear to have made, in demanding a regular deſcription of this ſuperb and invaluable collection.

From ſo young an Amateur as I am, ſuch an attempt, methinks, would be the height of preſumption—I had almoſt ſaid, of profanation. But, to convince you how much I would undertake to oblige you, ſuffice it to ſay, that the part

properly called the Gallery, conſiſts of two ſides of a parallelogram of conſiderable length, joined together by a third, much ſhorter.

Round the cornice, the portraits of every great character, of whatever nation he belonged to, from Artaxerxes Memnon, King of Perſia, to Dr. Anthony Cocchi, who died at Florence in 1758, are ranged according to their country. Among the Engliſh, I obſerved Wolſey, Cranmer, Cromwell, and Monk.

The wall between the cornice and the moulding, is lined with about an hundred and thirty paintings, by the moſt celebrated maſters: all are admirable; but that which particularly ſtrikes me, is the Mary Magdalen from the Tuſcan ſchool. Her hands are joined together with an expreſſion which evinces the anguiſh of her ſoul, and the ſincerity of her repentance. A ſkull is on the table before her. Remorſe and Deſpair, in their

their moſt aggravated forms, are preying upon her; and yet her beauty is in all its captivating charms. Her face ſurpaſſes every conception; and the veſt, which has fallen from her ſhoulders, diſplays a neck which even an Anchorite would for ever hang upon. She herſelf, with all the earneſtneſs of her ſupplication, ſeems ſcarce to dare hope to be forgiven.—But, were there a doubt of it, ſweet Penitent! I ſhould die diſtracted.

John de St. John's Bridal Night, is another excellent painting. He has given the Bride all the fondneſs and beauty of a Venus, but has made her more than the Goddeſs, by ſhewing that the height of conjugal love, could not remove her natural modeſty.

Her handmaids are leading her into her bed-chamber; but, when ſhe diſcovers her huſband ready to receive her, modeſty overcomes her, and prevents

her advancing. The longing Bridegroom invites her with the moſt ardent affection, and, with a ſmile of tenderneſs, ſeems amuſed with her coyneſs. She returns his ſmile, but with a kind of denial; and yet ſeems wiſhing to comply, but cannot perſuade herſelf to approach him. Her Friends are encouraging her, and the old Nurſe is growing angry at the delay. But I am preſuming to be particular. I therefore paſs over the reſt of the paintings, and come to the ſtatues and buſts, which are ranged on baſes, at regular diſtances, along the walls.

At the eaſt end, there is a Horſe, whoſe head and body excel any thing of the kind I ever beheld; but the legs are modern, and do not ſeem to belong to him.

Were only the head and neck of Leda expoſed, all mankind would allow her to be the fineſt piece of ſculpture ever pro-

duced: but, whilſt we give the Sculptor every credit for his execution, we are provoked at finding him guilty of many inconſiſtencies.

I ſhould not have ſaid ſo much of this ſtatue, but that you, like myſelf, might have been deceived by the good nature of thoſe well-meaning, but ſhallow writers, who, ſtruck with its firſt appearance, did not examine farther.

Ganymede is, indeed, an admirable ſtatue; and his Eagle is much ſuperior to Leda's Swan.

Pomona ſeems really walking, and with a lightneſs equal to the eaſe of her perſon.

As there is no ſuperlative difficulty in forming a figure where no paſſion is particularly expreſſed, I will not dwell on Minerva, Bacchus, Apollo,

Narciſſus, &c. &c. &c. notwithſtanding the pleaſure I enjoy in admiring them.

The buſts contain the heads of all the Roman Emperors, and of ſome of their wives. The whole is cloſed by a famous wild boar, and the group of Laocoon.

Parallel to each of the two long ſides of the Gallery, there is a ſet of apartments, included in what is commonly called the Gallery of Florence.

The firſt on the eaſt ſide, contains a moſt admirable Ganymede, a country God, and a few more beautiful ſtatues and baſſo relievos. The principal ſubjects of the latter, are, the Rape of Europa, and Mark Anthony's Oration on opening Cæſar's Will.

The next, called the Cabinet of Coins and Medals, contains, as well as thoſe articles and ſome few buſts, two baſſo-relievo

relievo figures of Mars and Venus, in paſte exactly like porphyry; and alſo ſeven pictures, three of which are Moſaic: thoſe of St. Peter and St. Paul are reckoned remarkably fine.

The third is called the Cabinet of Love, from a little Cupid ſleeping on a table, univerſally allowed to be a maſterpiece of ſculpture. It alſo contains a few buſts, and the walls are ornamented with twenty-ſeven paintings; among which is a Venus, by Titian, univerſally admired: but it has been obſerved, that ſhe labours under a diſadvantage, in being ſo near the incomparable one in the Tribuna.

The fourth is filled with ſmall ſtatues, buſts and pictures.

But the room called La Tribuna is the boaſt of the whole Gallery. It contains the Venus of Medicis, the Wreſtlers, the Liſtener,

Liſtener, and the Fawn, which ſurpaſs what I thought it poſſible for marble to expreſs. Nobody that has heard of Florence, but muſt have read a particular deſcription of theſe admirable ſtatues: but, in obedience to your deſire, I have ſet down the following meaſurements of the Venus of Medicis, taken by myſelf:

	Feet.	In.	10ths.
From the top of her forehead, in a right line, to the ground - - -	4	9	7
But, as ſhe leans conſiderably forward, her real height, as well as I could meaſure, is - - - - - -	5	2	0
Circumference of the largeſt part of her below her hips - - - - -	2	11	5
Round her ſhoulders and her arms -	3	1	3
Circumference of the ſmalleſt part of her leg - - - - - - - - -	0	8	0
Of the largeſt - - - - - - - -	1	1	2
Of her ankle - - - - - - - - -	0	8	6
Length of her foot - - - - - -	0	9	0
Her arms are modern, and by no means equal to the reſt of the ſtatue. Their length is - - -	2	5	5

The

The paintings in the Tribuna are equal to the ſtatues. The moſt famous is Titian's celebrated Venus, which juſtly merits the high encomiums univerſally conferred upon her. She is lying on a bed, with all her beauties diſplayed. The painter, with great judgment, has given her a paſſive countenance, and introduced a ſoftneſs in her air, full of languiſhing deſire, but free from laſcivious wantonneſs. One might compare her to a moſt beautiful married woman, deprived for the firſt time of the preſence of a beloved huſband. In a word, nothing can be more perfect, or more delightful.

St. Catherine alſo by Titian, is another excellent painting, and the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jeſus on her knees, like all Carlo Dolce's pictures, is divine and beautiful.

Had

Had I found the viſitation of St. Elizabeth and St. John, fondling the little Jeſus on the Virgin's lap, and ſeveral others, in any place but where there is ſo much to admire, I ſhould have thought each of them worthy a particular deſcription.

The next four chambers contain the Venus Anadyomene, and a few more ſtatues in marble; together with a variety of beautiful vaſes, plates, cups, and tables, richly inlaid with lapis lazuli and other rich ſtone; near four hundred paintings in the Flemiſh manner; a collection of original deſigns, or rough ſketches, of the beſt maſters, and another of prints; but theſe are very inferior to thoſe of the moderns, and are only meant to ſhow the progreſs of the art.

The cabinet of jewels and precious ſtones, cameos, intaglios, &c. cloſes the Eaſtern range.

It

It is with great pain that I find myſelf inadequate to an entertaining deſcription of theſe invaluable treaſures. The picture of St. Lawrence conducted to the tyrant; Hercules after he had killed the Giants, by Alexander Allori; Helena Forman, by Paul Rubens; the pearl fiſhery, in lapis lazuli, by Anthony Tempeſta; the Rape of Dejanira, by Giordano; the copy of Correggio's Mary Magdalen, and many others I could gaze upon for ever. But the objects of admiration I here meet with, are too numerous to permit me to ſend you even a liſt of them.—I have already tranſgreſſed the bounds I had propoſed to myſelf; but having gone thus far, I will proceed in the ſame ſtyle through the apartments on the weſt ſide.

The firſt then is called the Cabinet of Medals, and contains a well arranged collection, amounting to the aſtoniſhing number of upwards of fourteen thouſand.

Many

Many falſe antiques have been admitted, that amateurs may have an opportunity of ſtudying the difference between them and real ones. Over the ſeven bureaux, in which the medals are preſerved, the Labours of Hercules are repreſented in as many ſilver groupes, copied from John Bologna.

But theſe are not the only maſterpieces contained in this chamber. Over the chimney there is a hand in relief, by Michael Angelo, equal to his moſt celebrated work; and the walls are ornamented by thirty-ſix pictures, painted at Florence.

The ſecond and third rooms contain the portraits of ſeveral hundred painters, moſt of them drawn by themſelves. What a ſatisfaction to contemplate the characters of thoſe celebrated maſters, whoſe works have afforded us the higheſt gratification. But as admittance has never

never been refuſed to the moſt humble candidate for fame, who may chooſe to ſend his portrait, many have gained a place here, who will ſoon be forgotten every where elſe. In point of execution, my friend the Princeſs Belmonté, I am afraid, is among this number; but as a patroneſs of the arts and ſciences, ſhe is juſtly entitled to a place in the gallery of Florence; and, as long as St. Cecilia is held in veneration, the tuneful, the generous Belmonté will ever be remembered.

The fourth is filled with the heads of illuſtrious perſons, and a variety of inſcriptions. On one of which, Seraſpandes and Rhodaſpes, the ſons of Phraates, are mentioned; and it is particularly valued becauſe Juſtin, the only Roman hiſtorian who takes notice of theſe Princes being at Rome, omitted their names.

The

The fifth contains a beautiful ſtatue of an hermaphrodite, which gives name to the chamber; an Adonis, by Michael Angelo; Venus Victrix; Venus Celeſte, and a Bacchus. All excellent ſtatues; and near fifty valuable paintings.

The preſent Grand Duke fitted up the ſixth hall for the reception of Niobe, and her fourteen children, with a taſte and magnificence worthy theſe admirable ſtatues.

The collection of old paintings in the next room is alſo the work of the reigning Prince. They are accompanied by ſeveral buſts and ſtatues.

The eighth contains copies in bronze, not only of the Venus of Medicis, and the moſt admired pieces in the preceding apartments, but of every other celebrated ſtatue, of which the Dukes of Florence have

have not been able to procure the original. Among theſe are the *Quirinal* group of horſes; the *Capitol* Gladiator; the *Vatican* Apollo, and Meleagre; the little *Spaniſh* fawn; the *Farneſe* Hercules, Bull, and Flora, and many others, which the ſevereſt critics have allowed to be equal to the originals.

But it is not copies only which here raviſh the ſight. John Bologna's incomparable Mercury ſoon arreſts the eye. He is abſolutely flying, and in ſo eaſy, and ſo natural an attitude, that it is ſome moments before one perceives that he is ſupported by the breath of Zephyr, on which he is riſing into the air.

From this we paſs into the cabinet of bronze antiques, where a variety of miniature Gods and Goddeſſes, animals, and monſters; altars, tripods, and lamps;

helmets, rings, and bracelets, &c. &c. are preſerved in fourteen caſes.

We now cloſe the Gallery with the Tuſcan Muſeum, whoſe chief contents are the inſtruments uſed by the ancients in their funeral ceremonies, with a variety of urns, in which the burnt bones of the dead were depoſited.

There let them reſt in peace, and if ſleep has not already overpowered you, indulge it now—I ſhall not be offended with you. I am aware, that however refined and extatic the ſatisfaction, the objects I have mentioned afford to the ſenſes, this pleaſure is not to be communicated in a deſcription by ſo humble a Dilettante as your poor friend. I have, therefore, nearly confined myſelf to an abridgment of the catalogue, which, as I before appriſed you, fills a large volume. And ſince a long liſt, even

even of painters, and ſculptors, ſtatues, and paintings, muſt ever be dry and tautological, what can we expect from its epitome? But to me, I confeſs, it has afforded the greateſt ſatisfaction; that of proving that to pleaſe you, I willingly riſk expoſing myſelf.

LETTER XXIV.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Naples, April 23, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE left Florence on the 27th of March, and, on the 6th inſtant, ſailed from Leghorn.

The little iſland of Elba lying in our courſe towards Naples, we meant to ſtop there, for a few hours, to examine the harbour, which, it is ſaid, is a very convenient one for veſſels watching an enemy in Leghorn Roads; but, having no wind till three o'clock in the afternoon, we did not reach it till duſk. We were now going nine knots an hour. Nothing could be ſeen till the morning; and,

and, as we did not think it right to loſe a night's run with ſo favourable a wind, we were deprived of the ſatisfaction of informing ourſelves with regard to the harbour, and of gratifying our curioſity, by ſeeing the natural ſtate of the curious ſtones found in this iſland.

The wind continuing fair, we paſſed Mount Cercelle, and the coaſt of Rome, on the 7th; at day-light on the 8th, were in ſight of Iſchia and Capria; but, our fair wind dying away, we did not get to an anchor in the bay of Naples till the afternoon of the next day.

Mount Veſuvius is in a very different ſtate from that in which we left it. There have been ſeveral eruptions. The ſides of the crater or cone have fallen in, and the lava has given itſelf vent, by forcing the ſide of the mountain. It is now running; and, as this is a phenomenon I had not an opportunity of

ſeeing when I was here laſt autumn, I made it my firſt object on my return.

But the violence of the eruption is over; and it has now more of the curious and beautiful, than of the awful and ſublime. The ſide of the mountain has cloſed, and the lava iſſues from it, without its ſource being ſeen, in a ſtream of liquid fire, at preſent not more than four feet wide. It moves at a ſlow rate, and, although ſo much a fluid as to be capable of this motion, yet it has ſuch a degree of ſolidity, that ſtones of ſome pounds weight, thrown with force, did not penetrate its ſurface. No flame was emitted by the lava, except when we threw ſticks, paper, or other combuſtible matter upon it, which immediately took fire, and blazed. Water had no effect, but that of blackening, for a moment, the part it fell upon.

After

After having ſufficiently admired this beautiful phenomenon, we ſcrambled up the cone, and went into the inſide of the old crater, which I find is already aſſuming its former ſtate; the working of the fire in the bowels of the earth, having overcome the weight above it, and formed a chaſm in its former direction, to the very ſummit of the mountain.

This aperture is continually widening, and will ſoon again become a monſtrous fiery gulph. I heard ſeveral exploſions below, which were accompanied by flaſhes of fire, which, darting from ſide to ſide, in the direction of the chaſm, came up like ſo many immenſe flaſhes of forked lightning.

We began the aſcent before ſun-ſet; and our attention was ſo well engaged, that it was near day-light before we returned to Naples.

The Princeſs Belmonte has renewed her civilities; and the Nobile have ſent us tickets for their muſical Converſazione.

LETTER XXV.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Palermo, May 2d, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER a pleaſant paſſage of ſcarce forty hours, at day-break on the 26th ult. we found ourſelves in ſight of Palermo. Nothing can be more pictureſque than this bay. It forms a large amphitheatre, with the Capital of Sicily in the center, ſurrounded, for ſome miles, by a moſt beautiful country, interſperſed with villas, and incloſed by romantic rocks and mountains. A calm, which laſted ſeveral hours, gave us an opportunity of admiring this beautiful ſcene at our leiſure; and in the afternoon we anchored in the mole.

The

The town was formerly ſurrounded by a ſtrong wall, but the fortifications are now entirely neglected, except towards the ſea, where there are ſtill a few weak works.

Prince Caramanico, the Viceroy, was lately Ambaſſador at London. We paid our reſpects to him the morning after our arrival, and he gave us a ſtate dinner the next day. But we have ſeen nothing of him ſince.

Our ſtay here is rendered remarkable by the ſudden death of Prince Palagonia.

Whilſt other men endeavoured to reach the Temple of Fame, by making art equal nature in her moſt captivating forms, this Prince ſtruck out a new road, by producing ſuch monſters as nature, however perverted, could never have brought forth. With him, whoever deſigned

ſigned the moſt ridiculous and unnatural object, became the greateſt artiſt. He had a number of ſculptors and ſtone-cutters conſtantly employed for upwards of thirty years, and their productions amount to near a thouſand pieces. But notwithſtanding the great encouragement he gave, and the ample field he held out, very few of his ſtatues diſplay either genius, execution, or invention. Some of them, indeed, are as extravagant as he could wiſh, but even theſe are extravagant without humour, from the total want of connection in the members. We ſometimes laugh at a body a little deformed, becauſe the parts that compoſe it may be ſet in a ridiculous point of view; but where they are totally heterogeneous, and unconnected, we may be ſurpriſed, but cannot be pleaſed. The principal pieces are birds and beaſts with human heads, and men with the heads of beaſts.

Whilſt

Whilſt we were beholding this groteſque collection with a ſmile, half of pity, and half of contempt, I was ſtruck by an antique buſt of Cleopatra, by much the moſt beautiful I ever ſaw; but its owner ſet ſo little value upon it, that it is ſtuck againſt the outſide of his houſe, with another of M. Anthony, nearly as good.

The dead at Palermo are never buried; but their bodies are carried to the Capuchin Convent, where, after the funeral ſervice is performed, they are dried in a ſtove, heated by a compoſition of lime, which makes the ſkin adhere to the bones. They are then placed erect in niches, and faſtened to the wall by the back or neck. A piece of coarſe drab is thrown over the ſhoulders, and round the waiſt; and their hands are tied together, holding a piece of paper with their epitaph, which is ſimply their names, age, and when they died.

We of courſe viſited this famous repoſitory, and it is natural to ſuppoſe, that ſo many corpſes would impreſsone with reverence and awe. It was near duſk when we arrived at the Convent. We paſſed the chapel where one of the order had juſt finiſhed ſaying veſpers, by the gloomy glimmering of a dying lamp. We were then conducted through a garden, where the yew, the cypreſs, and the barren orange obſcured the remaining light, and where melancholy ſilence is only diſturbed by the hollow murmuring of a feeble waterfall. All theſe circumſtances tuned our minds for the diſmal ſcene we were going to behold, but we had ſtill to deſcend a flight of ſteps impervious to the ſun. And theſe, at laſt, conveyed us to the dreary manſion of the dead.

But (will you believe me?) notwithſtanding the chilling ſcene we had gone through; notwithſtanding our being in the

the midſt of more than a thouſand life-leſs bodies, neither our reſpect for the dead, or for the holy fathers who conducted us, could prevent our ſmiling. For the phyſiognomies of the deceaſed are ſo ludicrouſly mutilated, and their muſcles ſo contracted and diſtorted in the drying, that no French mimick could equal their grimaces. Moſt of the corpſes have loſt the lower part of the noſe—their necks are generally a little twiſted—their mouths drawn awry in one direction—their noſes in another—their eyes ſunk and pointed different ways—one ear perhaps turned up—the other drawn down. The friars ſoon obſerved the mirth theſe unexpected viſages occaſioned, and one of them as a kind of *memento*, pointed out to me a Captain of Cavalry, who had juſt been cut off in the pride of his youth. But three months ago he was the minion of a King—the favorite of a Princeſs—Alas! how changed! Even on earth there is

no

no diſtinction between him and the meaneſt beggar. This in a moment returned me to myſelf, and I felt, with full force, the folly of human vanity. I turned to the holy father, who gave me this leſſon. His eyes were fixed on what was once a Captain of horſe—I ſaw in them

" Read this, titled pomp, and ſhrink
" to thy original nothingneſs."

" Hie thee to my lady's chamber,
" tell her, though ſhe paint an inch
" thick, to this muſt ſhe come at laſt—
" make her laugh at that."

The relations of the deceaſed are bound to ſend two wax tapers every year, for the uſe of the Convent; in default of which the corpſe is taken down and thrown into the charnel houſe. Were it not for the number of vacancies occaſioned by the non-payment of this ſtipend, the

Capuchins would be unable to find niches for the number of men who muſt die every year in ſo populous a city as this.

Women are dried as well as the men, but are not expoſed. Nobles are ſhut up in cheſts.

I am juſt returned from ſeeing Prince Palagonia become a member of this ſociety. The beginning of his funeral, although ſimilar to that of every Lord in this iſland, ſtruck me as being as prepoſterous as his palace.

He was carried to the Convent in a ſedan, attended by all his houſehold. As ſoon as he entered the Chapel, the ſedan was opened, and two pages ſupported him to an armed chair. Here he was ſeated in ſtate, dreſſed in his richeſt clothes—his hair full powdered—a ſword by his ſide—his hat under his

his arm. The Nobility of the iſland were aſſembled to meet him. They all bowed to the corpſe, and after a ſhort pauſe the ceremony began.

The maſſes were interwoven in an Oratorio compoſed for the occaſion, which, notwithſtanding only two days were given to prepare it, did great credit to the compoſer; and the performers, both vocal and inſtrumental, gave him every ſupport. The exordium beginning with "Ecco il Principe preſo da "Dio." "Behold the Prince whom "God hath taken," was in the higheſt degree pathetic and affecting. The immortal Handel could not have exceeded the energy of the muſick, and the corpſe of the departed Prince carried the words with full force to the heart.

I regret that I cannot procure this excellent piece, ſince, as we are preparing to ſail on our ſecond voyage

to the Archipelago, I was obliged to come on board the moment the ceremony was over.

But before I leave this place, I will raiſe your philanthropy, by mentioning a charitable inſtitution which is here carried to a particular height. I mean a foundation, by which a number of female children are not only brought up in morality and religion, and taught ſome uſeful art, that will enable them to earn their bread; but when they arrive at a certain age, and are qualified to undertake the cares of a family, portions are aſſigned to thoſe who chooſe to marry. When virgins have theſe advantages, their Guardians will never be long in ſearch of unexceptionable huſbands.

LETTER XXVI.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, May 27th, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER an abſence of four months, we returned here on the 24th inſtant, and found the Turks in the higheſt ſpirits. The Emperor has declared againſt them: but this was a proceeding they had been prepared for; and, far from his arms having as yet been attended with any deciſive ſucceſs, he tarniſhed them in the onſet, by beginning the war in a puſillanimous ſtyle, not at all expected from ſo powerful an enemy.

We had ſcarce left this country, before advice was received of a treacherous at-

tempt to take Belgrade ; but the ſlovenly manner in which this enterpriſe was conducted, gave the Emperor an opportunity of denying his being privy to it. It proved unſucceſsful; and, as the Baron De Herbert, the Imperial Miniſter, had changed his threats into negociations for ſettling a peace between Turkey and Ruſſia, the Porte, unwilling to provoke the Emperor to hoſtilities, and in hopes that this failure would diſcourage him from purſuing his deſigns againſt a people who were ſo much better prepared than he expected, very politically ſeemed to admit the Internuncio's excuſes for this breach of faith.

It ſeems, that an officer who had paſſed through Belgrade, reported at Vienna, that the fortifications were in a moſt ruinous ſtate, and that none of the cannon were fit for ſervice. On this fallacious information, orders were haſtily ſent to Generals Mitrowſki and Alvinzy,

Alvinzy, to paſs the Save, with a detachment of troops, who were to be ſupported by Generals De Gomingen and Klebeck, and to make an immediate attempt on this important fortreſs; but the latter Generals not arriving at the appointed time, and the fortifications appearing in a very different ſtate from that in which they had been repreſented, Mitrowſki and Alvinzy were obliged to retreat, and to repaſs the Save.

Notwithſtanding the Internuncio's diſavowal of the Emperor's knowledge of this attempt, accounts were ſoon received, that Generals Mitrowſki and De Gomingen were ordered to Vienna, to anſwer for their failure; and, on the 8th of February, Baron De Herbert delivered a formal declaration of war.

After the journey to Cherſon, the unremitting armaments which immediately followed, and, to crown the whole, the

treacherous attempt upon Belgrade, the Imperial Manifeſto, to the ſurpriſe of every body, begins in the following manner.—" All Europe have been wit-
" neſs to the good faith with which the
" Court of his Imperial Majeſty has,
" for many years, cultivated peace with
" the Ottoman Empire; the ſincere diſ-
" poſitions it has manifeſted, on every
" occaſion, to preſerve their good neigh-
" bourhood; its diſintereſted and in-
" defatigable endeavours to avoid any
" interruption of their mutual harmony,
" and its readineſs to lend every office of
" mediation, to prevent any rupture be-
" tween the Porte and the neighbouring
" Courts.

" Theſe pacific intentions, &c. &c."

Notwithſtanding the ſerious events which this declaration muſt produce, it was impoſſible for the Porte to refrain from laughing at the bare-faced manner

in

in which the Emperor attempted to impoſe on the underſtandings of the reſt of the world.

The delaration of war was read to the Imperial troops in Croatia on the 9th of February, and the ſame day Dreſnick was attacked by them. The garriſon conſiſted of only ſeventy men; but this little corps made a moſt gallant defence, and, ſmall as their numbers were, they obliged the enemy to ſet fire to the place before they could compel them to ſurrender.

At the ſame moment a ſecond detachment made an attempt on Sturlich, another inconſiderable poſt. The Turkiſh Commandant reſerved his fire till the Auſtrians were near enough for every ſhot to take place, he then gave them a volley, which deſtroyed a conſiderable number of the enemy. The place, however, was afterwards taken;

and, it is ſaid, that in revenge for the loſs the Imperialiſts had ſuſtained, they put all the priſoners to the ſword. I cannot believe this report, notwithſtanding the following account publiſhed by authority.

Vienna, Feb. 27th, 1788.

" During the attack of Dreſnick, a " detachment was ſent to ſummon the " Turks poſted at Sturlich to ſurrender. " They invited the Commanding Officer " to advance within fifty paces on pa- " role, when they made ſo briſk a fire " on the detachment, as to kill fifty " men, which ſo enraged the Imperialiſts, " that they put the whole Turkiſh gar- " riſon to death."

I do not think this account at all extenuates the ſeverity, which it admits to have been exerciſed; for I never knew that it was the cuſtom to accompany a flag of truce by an armed force; neither

was it very military in the German Officer to advance with his whole detachment, even had he imagined the place was going to ſurrender, before he ſent a party to receive the poſt from the enemy.

The Imperial army now took poſt with their left flank on the river Korana, near Dreſnick, and their right towards the mountains of Pleſſivicza, ſo as to have the road to Bihacz open before them.

In the mean while, a conſiderable corps under Colonel Keſnowick paſſed the Unna, and attacked Turkiſh Dubitza, but were repulſed with a heavy loſs. The Auſtrians themſelves acknowledge to have had 431 men killed and wounded.

This *coup-de-main* having failed, Prince Charles Lichtenſtein was ſent to commence

mence a regular ſiege. He took the command of the army early in March, and on the 25th of April, a practicable breach being made, the Imperialiſts advanced to the aſſault. They met a very unexpected reception, being themſelves moſt furiouſly charged by the Turks, which threw them into ſuch confuſion and diſmay, that they were ſoon repulſed, and the garriſon ſallying out, without giving them time to form, drove them headlong through their own trenches, burnt their works, and obliged Prince Lichtenſtein to croſs the Unna that very night, and ſecure himſelf on the oppoſite heights.

A beſieged garriſon routing a beſieging army in ſo complete a ſtyle, is ſuch an extraordinary circumſtance, that I was anxious to hear what turn the Imperialiſts would give it. Their account is ſo curious a one, that I ſhall ſubjoin it for you.

Vienna,

Vienna, May 3d, 1788.

" An attempt was made by the Au-
" ſtrians on the 25th April to ſtorm
" Dubitza, but they were repulſed as
" they were entering the breach they
" had made. In return, the Turks,
" having received a reinforcement, which
" augmented the garriſon to the number
" of twelve thouſand men, ſallied out,
" and attacked the Auſtrians in their
" trenches. A general action then
" commenced, which laſted three hours,
" and though the Auſtrians were vic-
" torious, Prince Lichtenſtein thought
" proper, all his works being deſtroyed,
" to raiſe the ſiege, and on the night of
" the 25th * he croſſed the Unna, and
" encamped on the heights between
" Dubitza and Bacin, to cover the Au-
" ſtrian territories from the incurſions of
" the enemy."

* The day he attempted to ſtorm the garriſon.

Thus we ſee, that *though the Auſtrians were victorious*, their works were deſtroyed, the ſiege was raiſed, and their army obliged to retreat—to paſs a river in the night—and to intrench themſelves on the oppoſite heights, to defend the country of the conquerors, from the incurſions of the vanquiſhed. An odd kindof victory this.

In a ſubſequent account the Auſtrians mention Generals Klun and Schlaun being wounded, the latter mortally; and they acknowlege to have had five Lieutenant-Colonels, three Captains, four Lieutenants, and 508 rank and file killed and wounded, beſides horſes. Some few privates they ſay were miſſing, and two field pieces, which were advanced to the attack, were taken by the enemy.

Theſe are the lateſt accounts from the banks of the Unna.

I ſhall

I ſhall now proceed eaſtward, and you have only to follow me in this direction along the frontiers, to have a full view of the Imperial armies in the order you will find them on the map.

While Prince Lichtenſtein was laying an unſucceſsful ſiege to Dubitza, which ended in a complete overthrow; in conſequence of which we have left him on the Auſtrian ſide of the Unna, threatened in his new intrenchments, the Grand Imperial Army advanced oppoſite to Sabacz, on the banks of the Save, about two days march weſt of Belgrade, where they remained till the Emperor arrived, in order that his taking the field might be marked by a ſucceſsful enterpriſe. But, even according to the Vienna account, Sabacz contained but 17 pieces of cannon, and the garriſon amounted to only 800 men.

It ſhould ſeem, however, as if the Auſtrian Generals, in compliment to their Sovereign, wiſhed to conceal the weakneſs of the object of their enterpriſe by the pomp of the attack. A regular ſiege was commenced, trenches were opened, and the batteries being completed by the 23d of April, began a heavy cannonade, which ſoon overpowered the fire of the Turks. Nevertheleſs they kept poſſeſſion of a few rotten walls, which ſerved by way of outwork, till a column, compoſed of the riflemen of the regiment of Peterwaradin, of the free corps of Servia, and the regiment Eſterhazy, advanced to ſtorm them. On this attack the Turks retreated into the interior part of their works, and finding it in vain, in ſuch a place, to contend any longer againſt the grand army of the Emperor, and a numerous train of artillery, they ſurrendered their poſt.

The

The Emperor gave the Turks great credit for their defence, and much to his honour, treated the priſoners with attention, ſending their wives and children to their own country.

During the few hours the Auſtrian fire was kept up, their batteries were well ſerved, and the troops ordered to the aſſault, advanced with great ſpirit. In ſhort, this enterpriſe would have done honor to the Emperor's arms, had it been worth the time, labour, and expence he beſtowed to achieve it.

His people boaſt, that among the trophies are twenty pair of colours, but they do not inform us how the number of ſtandards came to be near three times that of the cannon, or why eight hundred men ſhould have forty colours. And the Turks ſay, that till the Grand Vizir can find him better employment, they have no objection to his Imperial Majeſty

Majeſty taking every village on the Save on the ſame terms he paid for Sabacz.

The number of men the Auſtrians loſt is not exactly known; the accounts from Vienna only mention that Prince Poniatowſki, and the Baron de Refroy, a General of Artillery, are among the wounded.

It was ſuppoſed that as ſoon as the Emperor took the command of his Grand Army, that he would have beſiged Belgrade, but by the lateſt accounts he was very quiet in the neighbourhood of Semlin.

The troops employed on the banks of the Danube, between Belgrade and Orſowa, under Generals Wartenſleben and Papilla, have had ſeveral rencounters with the Turks, with various ſucceſs; but the only event of any conſequence,

in

in this part of the ſeat of war, was an attempt upon Semendria, in which the Imperialiſts were repulſed with conſiderable loſs.

General Fabricius, who commands the Auſtrians in Tranſylvania, has done nothing deciſive, and ſeveral of his poſts have been carried off by the enemy.

The Prince De Saxe Cobourg, a General I much admire, entered Moldavia early in March, with the moſt eaſtern of the Emperor's armies. This province is governed by a Greek Prince, who is appointed by the Porte, but who wiſhing to give himſelf up to the Germans, ſent them a ſcheme to get poſſeſſion of his perſon, which was executed with ſuch ſecrecy, that in the night a detachment of the enemy carried him off from the middle of his capital.

It ſhould ſeem as if the Auſtrians thought the poſſeſſion of his perſon of the greateſt conſequence, ſince the moment they got him, they fled with the utmoſt precipitation, without attempting to deſtroy the magazines, or to do any other damage.

It does not, however, appear that the defection of this Chief was of any great detriment to the Turkiſh cauſe, ſince the Auſtrian General only paſſed through the north-weſt corner of the province, directing his march by Suczawa and Siret, towards Choczim, the moſt northern fortreſs in the poſſeſſion of the Turks, and their chief frontier towards Poland, diſtant from Conſtantinople about five hundred miles.

The grand exertions of the Ruſſians are againſt Oczakow. The Captain Baſhaw ſailed for the relief of that fortreſs on the 20th of May, but it is

feared that the enemy are already in poſſeſſion of both ſides of the Liman, by which means their ſhips, covered by the batteries on ſhore, may prevent the Turkiſh fleet from being of any uſe to the garriſon.

The rendezvous of the Ottoman army was firſt at Adrianople, about 120 miles from the capital, and afterwards at Sophia, near two hundred miles farther on the road to Belgrade. As faſt as the troops were aſſembled, large detachments were ſent to all the garriſons on the frontiers, and there are now 80,000 men ſtill left at Sophia; with theſe, and ſome other corps, the Grand Vizir will march againſt the Emperor; and ſhould his Imperial Majeſty chooſe to enter the Ottoman territories, or attempt to beſiege Belgrade, a deciſive battle muſt enſue.

It will be ſome weeks before you hear from me again from this port, ſince I ſhall ſet out to-morrow on a tour to Macedonia; and before I return, I propoſe viſiting Leſbos, Tenedos, Lemnos, and ſeveral other of the Greek iſlands.

LETTER XXVII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Smyrna, October 20th, 1788.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN my laſt letter, we left the Auſtrian General, Prince of Saxe Cobourg, directing his march towards Choczim. He ſat down before that fortreſs about the middle of March, and immediately began to inveſt it; but the moment the Turks were informed that the enemy had entered Moldavia, they detached a corps of 40,000 men, to drive them out of the province.

On the approach of theſe troops, the Prince of Saxe Cobourg was obliged to raiſe the ſiege; and, on the 16th and

17th of May, he croſſed the Dnieſter, and retired, with his whole army, out of the Turkiſh territories: but, being afterwards reinforced by a large corps of Ruſſians, he again, on the 2d of July, advanced towards Choczim, and, by the 23d, the greateſt part of the town was reduced to aſhes. The Turks, however, continued to defend themſelves with great valour, till the end of September, when they were obliged to ſurrender their poſt. The garriſon, conſiſting of about 3,000 men, marched out with the honours of war.

The grand army of the Ruſſians, under Prince Potemkin; and the fleet under the Prince of Naſſau, are laying cloſe ſiege to Oczakow. I have already mentioned the Captain Baſhaw's departure for the protection of this fortreſs. The Ruſſian fleet met him at the northern part of the Black Sea; but, finding the Turkiſh force much greater than

than they expected, they retreated without giving battle.

The Captain Baſhaw immediately threw out the ſignal for a general chace; but, owing to the ſuperior ſailing of the Ruſſian fleet, only four of his line of battle ſhips got within gunſhot of the enemy, and even theſe could keep up with them but a very ſhort time.

The Ruſſians made the beſt of their way towards Kimbourn; and the Captain Baſhaw, the moment this partial action was over, executed two of his Captains for not having made thoſe exertions he expected, and failed in purſuit of the enemy, with theſe delinquents hanging at his yard-arm.

The Turkiſh ſhips appear to me juſt what we conceive of the Spaniſh Armada; and we have ſeen how difficult it is for ſuch a fleet to act to advantage againſt

an evading enemy, who, though much inferior in numbers, is conſiderably farther advanced in nautical ſkill, and in the ſcience of artillery.

The Ruſſians, with the utmoſt diligence, ſecured themſelves within the Liman, covered by the guns of Kimbourn and the oppoſite batteries. The Captain Baſhaw, finding their poſition too ſtrong to admit of a direct attack, embarked his troops in his gun-boats and ſmall-craft, in hopes that, by a *coup de main*, he ſhould poſſeſs himſelf of the enemy's batteries, and open a paſſage for his ſhips; but in this attempt he was unſucceſsful; and ſeveral of his boats, getting aground, were burnt by the enemy.

I have not heard that he has ſince been able to throw any ſuccours into Oczakow; but the garriſon, which is numerous and well ſupplied, defend themſelves

themſelves with great reſolution; and, in a grand attack which Prince Potemkin made on the out-works, he was repulſed with very conſiderable loſs.

The Ruſſian fleet, though it co-operates with the army, may be ſaid to be itſelf blocked up by the Captain Baſhaw; and, as there is every reaſon to ſuppoſe that the garriſon of Oczakow will be able to ſuſtain itſelf till the ſevere weather ſets in (which, in that climate, ſurpaſſes what people in England can conceive), Prince Potemkin will be obliged either to keep the field during the whole winter, to the extreme diſtreſs, and probable mortality of his army, or to riſk the deſtruction of his fleet, which will be frozen up, and expoſed to the attacks of the Oczakowians.

The following is the Imperial account of the *coup de main* attempted by the Captain Baſhaw:

" Vienna,

" Vienna, July 9th.

" The Captain Baſhaw, being at an-
" chor with his fleet near Oczakow, ſent
" all his light veſſels, gun-boats, and
" ſmall craft, to the number of fifty-
" ſeven ſail, to attack the Ruſſian veſſels,
" conſiſting of twenty-ſeven ſail of the
" ſame ſort and ſize. The Prince of
" Naſſau placed his force in a poſition
" that prevented an attack in line, and
" exerted himſelf in ſuch a manner, as
" not only to repulſe the Turks, but to
" gain a victory over them. Two of
" their veſſels were blown up, one ſunk,
" and the reſt were thrown into con-
" fuſion, and driven back, with great
" loſs, *till they got under the protection of*
" *the Turkiſh ſhips of the line* *."

* This ſentence is printed in *Italics*, to mark, that, though publiſhed by the Confederate and Ally of the Empreſs of Ruſſia, it contradicts the account given in the Peterſburgh Gazette, in which the ſmall craft were magnified into ſhips of the line.

The

The accounts from the eaſt of the Crimea are, that the Tartars and Ruſſians have had frequent actions, but with no very deciſive ſucceſs on either ſide.

Let us now leave the Moſcovites, and turn to the Imperialiſts on the weſtern ſide of the theatre of war.

Soon after the defeat of Prince Lichtenſtein by the garriſon of Dubitza, the Turks croſſed the Unna, in purſuit of him, and, for ſome time, preſſed him in his intrenchments; but, the moment the news of his diſaſter reached the Emperor, four ſquadrons of dragoons, and ſeven battalions of infantry, were ordered to his aſſiſtance.

To lead theſe troops, and to reanimate his army, the Emperor called forth the great Laudohn—a gallant veteran, to whom every Soldier muſt look up with veneration

veneration and reſpect. He was now in an advanced age, and had retired from the field of arms, to end his days under the ſhade of his laurels. The Genius of Auſtria ſeemed to call upon him for relief. Rouſed by her cries, and by the voice of the Emperor and the People, the veteran hero regained the powers of youth, and armed once more to lead the Imperial banners to victory.

When ſo great a character appears upon the ſtage, we can ſcarcely refrain from wiſhing him ſucceſs, whatever may be the merits of his cauſe. An ambitious tyrant may plunge his nation into an unjuſt war, and his people may be prejudiced enough to ſupport him in it; but the Soldier is neither accountable for the crimes of the one, nor for the follies of the other. His duty as a loyal ſubject, and his virtue as a patriotic citizen, oblige him to exert himſelf to the utmoſt, whenever his ſervices are called upon; and,

and, without entering into the politics by which his country is actuated, he feels himſelf engaged to promote, to the full extent of his power, the ſucceſs of her arms, in whatever wars ſhe is unhappily embarked.—Such a character is Marſhal Laudohn: but of his Court I by no means entertain ſuch favorable ſentiments.

As an Engliſhman, policy obliges me to wiſh ſucceſs to the Turks; for I have already proved to you, that our lucrative trade to the Levant can never be carried on ſo much to our advantage as whilſt Turkey remains in the hands of its preſent poſſeſſors; and, as a Philanthrope, I feel the utmoſt deteſtation of the ambitious combination entered into by the Emperor and the Empreſs, to extirpate the Turks, merely becauſe Nature has been bountiful to their ſoil, and becauſe their country promiſed an eaſy conqueſt.

Theſe

Theſe Powers could ſcarcely imagine that Europe would look on with indifference; but they truſted that they had a ſufficient party to prevent any open declaration in favor of the injured Turks. Theſe expectations, however, the diſturbances in Brabant, and the total ſuſpenſion of the power of France, muſt have fruſtrated. Bluſh, then, O Pruſſia! if you neglect this favorable opportunity of ſhewing your juſtice and magnanimity.—But, ſtill more feelingly ſhall I ſay, bluſh, O England! if you do not, at leaſt, inſiſt on an honourable peace for the Turks. Let every thing the Imperial Courts may take from them, be reſtored; but, above all things, prevent the Ruſſians obtaining any ſolid eſtabliſhment on the Black Sea, or infringing the Grand Signior's right to prevent ſhips of force, or warlike ſtores, paſſing the Boſphorus and Dardanelles. Let the Porte, at leaſt, ſit down on the ſame conditions ſhe was forced to accept by the Treaty of Cainardgie—

Cainardgie—a treaty which created her preſent diſtreſs—a treaty which we ourſelves, in an hour of miſtaken policy, compelled her to ſubmit to, and which now, that we know our true intereſts, we are bound to redreſs.

What has become of that ſpirit of virtue and generoſity, which, not fifty years ago, led us to enter into an expenſive war, in favor of Maria Thereſa, merely becauſe ſhe was then an unfortunate Princeſs, oppreſſed by an ambitious neighbour, whoſe uſurpations, like thoſe of Ruſſia, threatened in time to affect ourſelves.

It is, no doubt, a conſiderable abatement of the honeſt joy an Engliſhman feels in contemplating this act of magnanimity in his anceſtors, to find, that ingratitude has been the only return which has been made to us. In cheriſhing Auſtria and Ruſſia, we may really be ſaid to have nurtured the viper in our boſom,

boſom, which, in the moment of our diſtreſs, attempted a mortal wound, by forming the *Armed Neutrality*, or, in plain language, a *combination to ſupply our enemies with implements for our deſtruction.*

If juſtice to the Turks, whom we have reduced to ſo critical a ſituation; if a ſenſe of our national dignity; if our deareſt intereſt, and commercial concerns, will not induce us to ſpeak boldly in a moment like this, ſelf-preſervation, at leaſt, ſhould affect us. Let us recollect, that Ruſſia is an evil-diſpoſed, aſpiring child; that we now have it in our power to curb her proud ſpirit; but that, if we neglect this opportunity, and allow her to increaſe in pride and in ſtrength, in a few years, perhaps, ſhe may trample on our breaſt.

Pax queritur in Bello is a favorite motto, but *Wars guarded againſt in peace*,

is, in my opinion, a much better one; and this is the motto England ought to chooſe. There is nothing, in the preſent ſtate of Europe, that Great Britain can in juſtice require, but what ſhe muſt immediately gain. Let her, then, dictate terms to Ruſſia, and check her ambitious views. If ſhe refuſes to ſubmit, let threats and preparations to enforce them, be added; and ſhew me the Power who, at this moment, will dare to oppoſe the ſerious threats of England? Vengeance would ſoon overwhelm her.

The adverſe views of France reſpecting the Turks, have become every day more notorious *. Monſieur *Le Roy*, a naval Engineer, who was employed in the Arſenal at Conſtantinople, has been recalled, and was lately here on his return

* The intrigues of the French Court have been fruſtrated by the Revolution in their own country.

to France. So far, indeed, have that nation carried their unfriendly meaſures, that even two French Officers of Artillery, and a few Gunners, who were in the ſervice of the Porte at Oczakow, have been withdrawn by the Ambaſſador.

I think I have ſaid enough to convince you, that, both through intereſt and through principle, I ſincerely hope that the oppreſſive views of the two Imperial Courts may be fruſtrated; and yet there is ſomething ſo faſcinating in the appearance of a Hero, that, I confeſs to you, when the accounts of his ſucceſs arrived, I did not feel ſorry that the walls of Dubitza had not been able to tarniſh the laurels of old Laudohn.

This gallant veteran ſuperſeded Prince Lichtenſtein, and took the command of the army in Croatia, in the month of Auguſt. He immediately advanced to Dubitza,

Dubitza, which he took on the 26th of the ſame month: but he had neither to contend with the garriſon that repulſed Colonel Keſnowick, nor with the army that defeated Prince Lichtenſtein; for the Grand Vizier, having reſolved to invade Hungary, and to carry the war into the enemy's country, had drawn together all the troops he could collect, in order paſs the Danube in as great force as poſſible; and, not thinking that the Auſtrians would ſo ſoon return to a place which had already, in this campaign, twice proved fatal to their arms, he reduced the garriſon of Dubitza to ſo ſmall a number, that, according to the Imperial account, at the time it ſurrendered, it did not amount to 400 men.

Whether it was, that the Emperor did not find himſelf ſufficiently provided to carry the war with vigour into the Turkiſh territories, or that the ſickneſs which prevailed among his troops

fruſtrated his intended operations, I cannot pretend to ſay; but, to the ſurpriſe of every body, the grand Imperial army, commanded by the Sovereign in perſon, remained inactive in the neighbourhood of Semlin, the whole of the months of May, June and July, and a conſiderable part of Auguſt; during the greater part of which time, the Grand Vizir was not within an hundred miles of the frontiers.

This Chief was extraordinarily late in taking the field. It was not till the end of July, that he pitched his camp at Niſſa; but from this place, he purſued with vigour his grand object, to carry the war into the enemy's country.

For this purpoſe, he turned out of the direct road to Belgrade, oppoſite to which, in the vicinity of Semlin, the Imperialiſts were encamped, and, directing his march immediately towards Hungary,

croſſed

croſſed the Danube, and, with his whole force, invaded that kingdom.

The Auſtrian General, Wartenſleben, who had been ordered to watch the motions of the enemy about Orſowa, occupied a ſtrong poſt in the vicinity of Meadia, from which an advanced corps of the Grand Vizir's army, drove him on the 28th of Auguſt.

According to the Turkiſh plan I ſaw of this action, the defile lies between two high mountains; and in the bottom, a little within the paſs, lies the town. The Auſtrians were encamped on the hill on the right, which was looked upon as unaſſailable on the ſide towards the Turks. But theſe enthuſiaſtic people ſtormed theſe ſtupendous heights with the moſt romantic bravery, and carried them, ſword in hand.

It was not valour only, which diſtinguiſhed the Turks on this occaſion; for

the Seraſkier who commanded, ſent a conſiderable detachment previous to the attack, to make a circuit, and get to the interior ſide of the hill on the left, that, if his efforts were crowned with ſucceſs, this corps might enable him to reap the fruit of his labours, by appearing on the flank of the enemy, and cutting off their retreat from the town. In this they completely ſucceeded. Meadia fell into their hands; and General Wartenſleben was obliged to retreat towards Slatina, leaving all his magazines in the hands of the enemy,

As ſoon as the Emperor was informed of the invaſion of Hungary, he put his grand army in motion; and, on the 30th of Auguſt, he had reached Caranſebes, within two days march of General Wartenſleben's corps; but the news of this General's defeat, checked his Majeſty's progreſs. On the 3d of September, however, he again reſumed his march, and,

and, advancing towards Slatina, fixed his camp at Illova.

In the mean while, the Seraſkier and his detachment, after ſecuring the magazines, remained in the neighbourhood of Meadia ſome days, waiting the arrival of the Grand Vizir, who immediately advanced, to offer battle to the grand Imperial army, and, on the 10th of September, encamped in ſight of the enemy. The Emperor, however, declined the attack. The Grand Vizir, therefore, began a war of poſts, by which, in a few days, he reduced the enemy to the alternative of either quitting their poſition, or of ſeeing their retreat cut off, ſhould their intrenchments be ſtormed.

Among other movements, a conſiderable corps were ordered, on the 14th, to turn the right wing of the Auſtrians. The Turks made this attack with ſuch impetuoſity, that they completely routed

all this part of the enemy's line, and the Spahis cut to pieces the whole regiment of Wurmſer Huſſars.

The Grand Vizir was now enabled to cannonade the Emperor's camp; and, on the 21ſt, having brought all his ſchemes to bear, and taken every means to fruſtrate the enemy's retreat, ſhould victory crown the Ottoman arms, he advanced to attack the grand Imperial army. The Emperor, however, did not think fit to riſk the event, but broke up his camp, and retreated with the greateſt precipitation.

The Turks had now all the honour and advantages of a victory, without the trouble of fighting for one. The Emperor fled before them; and his rear, with a great part of his baggage and artillery, fell a prey to the enemy. Some thouſands of his troops were killed, or taken, and his whole army thrown into ſuch confuſion, that, in the night, two of his

his columns, meeting unexpectedly, fired on each other.

It is said that the Emperor once attempted to rally his troops, but that, on this occasion, he himself was very near being taken prisoner.

This glorious success was announced by the guns of the Seraglio, on the 3d of October. A general Thanksgiving was immediately performed, and orders issued for proclaiming the Grand Signior *gazi*, or victorious.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Conſtantinople, Jan. 1ſt, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AN unexpected opportunity having offered to carry us to Conſtantinople, we ſet ſail for the Dardanelles on the 25th Oct. having previouſly ſent to deſire an expreſs might meet us there, with the Grand Signior's permiſſion to paſs the forts, and go up to his capital. A favor, which, through the intereſt of Sir Robert Ainſlie, our Ambaſſador, the Porte very readily granted.

This permiſſion, however, is a compliment ſeldom or ever paid to a man of war of any nation, except when ſhe has

has an Ambaſſador on board; and it was the more flattering to us, becauſe L'Iris, a French frigate, commanded by the Viſcount D'Orleans, which was lying cloſe to us, applied for it in vain at the moment we gained it. To add to the compliment, the Governor of the forts which command the paſs, promiſed to ſalute us.

Nothing could be more delightful than our voyage through theſe ſtraits. The country on each ſide is beautifully picturesque, and the ſituation in itſelf highly intereſting. The Dardanelles, you recollect, are the ancient Helleſpont, and the ſpots on which the forts ſtand, are famous for the loves of Hero and Leander. Behind us were the Tomb of Achilles, the Semois and Scamander, the celebrated rivers of Troy, and every point brought an intereſting character to our view.

The

The day was moſt heavenly; and our ſhip, elegantly painted, and all her appointments in the higheſt order, formed in herſelf a moſt beautiful object. Every ſail was ſet, and the breeze had juſt ſtrength enough to enable her to overcome the force of the current. This occaſional ſlowneſs of her motion, added to the majeſty of her appearance, and one might almoſt have fancied that ſhe herſelf was conſcious of the compliments ſhe was receiving from the mouths of the cannon of Europe and Aſia.

The Turks at the Dardanelles always ſalute with ball, and the nearer they go to the veſſel, the greater the compliment. Each fort fired ſeventeen guns; their cannon are monſtrous, and the ſhot flying *en ricochet* along the ſmooth ſurface of the water acroſs our bows, from Europe and Aſia alternately, and throwing up the ſand on the oppoſite ſhores, while ſhouts of applauſe from the

the admiring multitude, hailed us on our returning their ſalute, crowned this charming morning.

It was near duſk when we got to Galipoli, where the ſtraits open into the ſea of Marmora, and on the 15th of November we arrived here.

The approach to Conſtantinople by ſea is thought ſuperior to that of Naples, or Meſſina, and of courſe the fineſt in the world; we miſſed ſeeing it, by entering at night—a loſs we hope to compenſate on our departure.

Travellers in general expreſs great diſappointment when they get into the town; and in compariſon of European capitals, the ſtreets are certainly miſerable, and the buildings in general but paltry; but as they are much ſuperior to any I have ſeen in the Turkiſh dominions,

I confeſs that they have exceeded my expectations.

Some of the Moſques are tolerable edifices, however different from our taſte in the ornamental part of architecture. To theſe Chriſtians are prohibited acceſs; but the Turks, like other people, are not always proof againſt bribery. I have been ſhewn ſeveral, and among the reſt, the celebrated one of St. Sophia, ſuppoſed to have been built by Conſtantine the Great. But in which I was very much diſappointed. The dome only is tolerable. It is ſupported by two tier of columns of verde antique. From this ſtyle of architecture, and the value of the marble, one would expect a rich and elegant appearance, but the magnificent effect of the double tier of columns, is loſt by the entablature being ſupported by arches, which reduces the columns to mere piers; and thus, in compariſon

compariſon of other works of the ancients, the deſign becomes poor and inelegant. The capitals are by no means chaſte, and the architecture throughout is very indifferently executed.

The Navy Hoſpital, though ſmall, would do credit to any nation; and ſome of the Grand Signior's ſummer palaces, conſtructed in the Chineſe ſtyle, diſplay an elegant neatneſs which could not be ſurpaſſed, even by that ingenious people. But the Seraglio, as far as I was admitted, has nothing to boaſt of. I have been through moſt parts of the firſt court on the inſide, which contain the Mint, and ſome other public offices, and have once or twice been juſt within the gate of the Seraglio gardens; but to the inner court no common bribe will gain a Chriſtian admittance, except when an Ambaſſador has an audience of the Sultan, and this happens but once during his reſidence; for Foreign Mi-

niſters tranſact no buſineſs with the Grand Signior in perſon, and never viſit him but on their arrival, to deliver their credentials.

We are lucky enough to be here at ſuch a moment, for the new Venetian Ambaſſador is to have his audience of introduction in a few days, and has promiſed to take me in his ſuite. On this occaſion, I ſhall have the honor of dining with the Reis Effendi, and the other Grand Officers of State, in the interior part of the Seraglio.

I have already ſeen the Grand Signior ſeveral times, for he goes publicly to Moſque every Friday; and I attended the Pruſſian Envoy when he had his audience of the Caimacan, or acting Grand Vizir, from whom I had the honor of receiving a muſlin handkerchief. It is not very fine, being only intended as a mark of amity, for the Turks ſtrictly

ſtrictly adhere to the Oriental cuſtom of giving preſents, and their government ſeems to retain much of its primitive inſtitution. Civil and religious law, as in the days of the Patriarchs, form but one code. The Coran is the book, and the Mufti the head of both. Like the practice of earlier ages, alſo, he who rules the ſtate in time of peace, leads her armies in time of war. Thus the Grand Vizir is at once Prime Miniſter, as well as Captain-General, and Commander in Chief of the forces. The police of the town reſembles the diſcipline of a camp; the people retire at duſk, patroles are eſtabliſhed, and in caſe of fire, or any other alarm, the Grand Signior himſelf, and all the Great Officers are immediately abroad. Were the Sovereign to neglect appearing on occaſions of this kind, it would be thought as great a reflection on him, as if, as a General, he remained in his tent when his camp was attacked.

Immenſe as the Ottoman Empire is, the whole number of thoſe troops that, from being conſtantly embodied, can be called regulars, amount to but about twenty-ſix thouſand foot, and a few thouſand horſe. Among the former are a corps of Gardeners, (Boſtangi) and another of Porters (Capigi) and theſe are part of the Sultan's body guards. The head gardener (Boſtangi Baſhaw) is, by virtue of his employment, Governor of all the forts on the Boſphorus, commonly called the Canal of the Black Sea, and the firſt of the Black Eunuchs, is alſo by his Office, Governor and Commander in Chief of the Seraglio, or Grand Palace and Citadel of Conſtantinople.

The canal, including its windings, is about twenty miles in length, and in moſt parts not more than a mile wide, which defends the capital againſt an attack by ſhipping from the Black Sea, whilſt

whilſt the Dardanelles, although an hundred miles diſtant, protect it againſt men of war from the Mediterranean. The laſt of theſe ſtraits, at the points on which the old caſtles ſtand, are only about 1300 yards wide; and although they expand immediately, yet for the courſe of forty miles a ſhip can ſeldom be out of gunſhot from one or other ſide.

A ſtrong north wind blows all ſummer, which renders it impoſſible for veſſels to force their way up at that ſeaſon, and the current at all times ſets ſo ſtrong, that even with a fair wind, they muſt be expoſed for ſeveral hours to a very hot fire. The caſtles are cloſe to the water's edge; they have each two tier of guns, many of the lower carry balls of eighteen inches diameter, and when an enemy is in force in the Mediterranean, the whole extent of the Dardanelles is lined with batteries.

The town properly called Conſtantinople, is a kind of Peninſula, in the form of a triangle, one ſide of which is waſhed by the ſea of Marmora, at the north end of which it ſtands; the ſecond by the harbour, on which the canal opens; this ſide fronts the north, and, except the Seraglio, which forms the eaſt ſalient angle, is entirely open. There is nothing towards the ſea of Marmora, except a dead wall, the Turks truſting to the defences I have already mentioned, againſt an attack by ſea. Neither do they ſeem more apprehenſive on the third, or land ſide, for the ancient triple wall, which, by running acroſs from the bottom of the harbour to the ſea of Marmora, cuts the town from the country, is falling to decay. I found it to be near five miles in length, and the only part of it kept in repair, is the Caſtle of the Seven Towers, now converted into a ſtate priſon. Engliſh artillery would lay both

both it and the Seraglio in aſhes in half an hour.

Beſides the triangle I have juſt deſcribed, the populous towns of Pera, Galata, and Tophana, which run into each other on the oppoſite ſide of the harbour, are alſo included in what is commonly called Conſtantinople. Galata contains the dockyard and naval arſenal; Tophana the ordnance and foundry, and Pera is the reſidence of the Foreign Miniſters. No part of theſe three towns have even a mud wall to defend them.

The Janizaries form the chief part of the ſtanding army. They are ſtill highly reſpected both by the court and the people, but have loſt ſo much of their former conſequence, that at the commencement of the preſent war, the Grand Vizir broke a whole chamber, or regi-

ment of them, for ſhewing a ſpirit of diſcontent. A ſeverity, which though juſt, none of his predeceſſors, nor even the Sultans themſelves dared ever attempt.

Abdoul Hamet, the Grand Signior, is upwards of ſixty years old; but he poſſeſſes an engaging, benevolent countenance; and I like him the more from his attention to his wives; for although he may have as many of the moſt beautiful women as he pleaſes, yet he has attached himſelf to one. His happy favorite is now pregnant for the fourth time, and ſuch is the attention paid her, that the veſſels in the harbour are obliged to ſuſpend the regular method of carrying on duty, and are not permitted to fire a muſket, nor to ſtrike the bell, nor even to give the word of command in a loud voice. By which you will perceive, that the inviſible chains of the fair are as powerful in Turkey as in our

bleſſed

bleſſed iſland; and that the rude Turk, and the generous Engliſhman, though different in manners, are alike ſenſible of the reſpect due to gentleneſs and beauty.

LETTER XXIX.

TO CAPTAIN SMITH.

Conſtantinople, Jan. 24th, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Porte having given a deciſive anſwer, relative to the frigates which were brought to Conſtantinople to be ſold, we ſhall ſail for Gibraltar immediately. We have been detained here much longer than we expected, but the hoſpitality and munificence of Sir Robert Ainſlie, have amply compenſated this delay; and it is with the greateſt regret, that I ſee myſelf on the eve of leaving his ſociety, and of quitting a place where the hearts of every one ſeem to wiſh to detain us.

Nothing

Nothing could exceed the animation of the Turks at the moment of our arrival at this capital. The King of Sweden had relieved the Porte from a great part of the force of the Ruſſians, and the accounts of the glorious victories of Meadia and Caranſebes, obtained over the Emperor, were confirmed and increaſed by the hundreds of priſoners who were daily brought in.

So complete a panic pervaded the Imperial troops, that on an alarm of the enemy's approach, the heavy baggage, which had been ſent on towards Temeſwar, was immediately abandoned, and a great part of it pillaged, and carried off by a corps of Partiſans.

But at this moment, when victory, with extended wings, was following the Ottoman arms, and when each day brought them freſh advantages, the Grand Vizir ſuddenly halted, and then turned

to

to the left. It was ſtill hoped, however, that his operations would continue offenſive; but probably reflecting on the danger of not finding ſubſiſtance for ſo immenſe an army, during the approaching winter, ſhould he purſue the Emperor into the heart of his country, and that the Imperial armies from Tranſylvania and Moldavia might come down and cut him off from the Danube, he had determined not to loſe ſight of the banks of that river; and that, inſtead of purſuing the Emperor at random, wherever he choſe to lead him, he had reſolved to ſecure the conqueſts he had made, which would enable him to winter with ſafety in the enemy's country.

This opinion was, for ſome time, ſtrengthened by his ſubſequent movements; he left a ſtrong garriſon in Meadia, and his march was directed through the Bannat of Temeſwar, and pointed immediately at Semlin, which, had he

taken

taken, would have ſecured the left flank of the chain of poſts, by which it was ſuppoſed he would have incloſed the Bannat. All his motions moſt ſtrongly indicated an attempt upon that fortreſs, and, as there was no doubt of his ſucceeding, the inhabitants fled with all their effects. A corps of 3000 men, who were encamped under its walls, to watch the motions of the garriſon of Belgrade, retired on his approach. He had been unoppoſed for ſix weeks, and his conduct at Illova had given the Emperor ſo formidable an impreſſion of his vigour and abilities, that his Majeſty had gone in perſon as far as Arad, to put that place in a ſtate of defence.

But now that the Grand Vizir was in ſight of Semlin, inſtead of taking this town, and afterwards wintering in the Bannat, or in the diſtrict the Imperialiſts occupied in the ſpring, he blaſted the hopes of his friends, by withdrawing his

his whole force out of the Auſtrian territories*.

I am exceedingly ſorry that I am not ſufficiently informed to produce thoſe ſatisfactory reaſons which ſo ſublime a genius, and ſo brave a man, muſt doubtleſs poſſeſs for this retrograde motion in the hour of victory. Neither can I take upon me to advance, that the ſucceſs of Marſhal Laudohn formed any part of them.

This great General having taken Dubitza on the 26th of Auguſt, marched for Novi on the 29th. The Baſhaw of Travenick retarded for ſome time his operations againſt that fortreſs, but having too courageouſly attempted to ſtorm

* For which he was afterwards beheaded; but as both his reſolution and abilities were unqueſtionably great, his fate was deſervedly lamented by all intelligent people.

the

the Auſtrian trenches, he was repulſed with a heavy loſs. The Marſhal now purſued the ſiege with vigour, and on the 21ſt of September, a practicable breach being made, he advanced to the aſſault, but was now in his turn repulſed, and the Vienna Gazette acknowleges, that on this occaſion he loſt 284 men. On the 3d of October he renewed the attack, and the garriſon being by this time reduced to 600 men, were made priſoners.

From Novi Marſhal Laudohn advanced to Gradiſka; but the overflowing of the Save obliged him to ſuſpend his operations, and to retire into winter quarters.

The campaign is now cloſed, except in the environs of Oczakow, where the Ruſſian fleet being froze in, the army is obliged to remain for their defence,

notwithſtanding that immenſe numbers of their men are every day carried off by the ſeverity of the weather, and the ſcarcity and badneſs of proviſions.

In the mean while the Captain Baſhaw has brought his fleet here to refit, and will reſume the blockade of the Ruſſians as ſoon as the ice breaks. The ſucceſs of this Admiral has not been ſo great as his force, abilities, and reſolution gave the Porte reaſon to expect; but they are ſatisfied, that by engaging almoſt the whole attention of the Ruſſians, he paved the way for the ſucceſs of the Grand Vizir, whoſe victories have more than compenſated in the eyes of the Turks, for the diſappointment of the Captain Baſhaw.

The ſquadron from the ſouthward have brought in three Ruſſian Privateers, and ſince there is reaſon to hope that

Oczakow * will hold out, this campaign has, upon the whole, exceeded the moſt ſanguine expectations of the Turks. I am aſtoniſhed that they have made it out ſo well, for their army is really little better than an animated mob under the command of a popular leader. I have ſearched in vain for field-days or reviews, even among the ſtanding forces. The only thing like military exerciſe, that I could ever diſcover, was now and then two or three men firing at a mark, or practiſing themſelves in throwing the lance on horſeback.

At preſent the grand army is elated with victory, and formidable by the ſpirit infuſed by ſucceſs; but as one or two defeats will deſtroy that religious confidence and enthuſiaſtic fury, which, for a

* A magazine having blown up, and made a practicable breach, the Ruſſians immediately advanced to the aſſault, and, after ſacrificing four thouſand men, carried the town.

time,

time, ſupply the want of diſcipline and ſkill, the third campaign, I am afraid, will ſhake this very capital, unleſs England and Pruſſia forbid ſuch a cataſtrophe, and by reſolute meaſures, confirm the expectations of the Porte, and of all thoſe who wiſh well to the honor and intereſt of the Triple Alliance.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was the Author's original intention to publiſh his work in two volumes, one of which was to contain the whole of his firſt voyage to the Levant, with his return to Italy, deſcribing all the places he viſited previous to his departure from Palermo, whence he ſet out on his ſecond voyage to Turkey.

This voyage would have formed the ſecond volume, but finding the time allowed him on leave of abſence in-

ſufficient to complete his deſign, he has been obliged, for the preſent, to withhold the latter part of it; and therefore, to make the firſt in ſome degree a complete work in itſelf, he has curtailed his journal, and added a brief account of Conſtantinople, and of the leading events in the preſent war between the Porte and the two Imperial Courts. Convinced that theſe would never be ſo intereſting as at the preſent moment, he could not think of withholding them from the public till he ſhould have leiſure to publiſh his ſecond volume. And indeed, even in the time ſince his letters on theſe important tranſactions were written, the ſcene, as he foreſaw, is entirely changed, and the Ruſſian and Auſtrian armies are now advancing towards Conſtantinople with ſuch ſucceſs, that the ſafety of that capital ſeems no longer to depend upon the Turks, but on thoſe Powers, without whoſe countenance, it

is to be ſuppoſed, the Porte would never have engaged againſt ſuch ſuperior enemies.

The Author during his firſt voyage, treated but ſlightly on the manners and government of the Turks. The cuſtoms of thoſe people being totally different from any other nation he had viſited, his reſpect for the public would not permit him to offer a particular deſcription on ſo ſlight an acquaintance, eſpecially as he was to return to Turkey immediately, and to paſs near a twelvemonth in that country.

He therefore deſires to have himſelf conſidered as being now on the point of leaving Palermo, on his return to the Archipelago; and if the indulgence of the Public ſhould give him ſufficient encouragement to appear before them once more, he will endeavour

vour to gratify their curioſity, by publiſhing the ſecond part of his Tour as ſoon as his military duty will permit him.

If the Author has not been ſo copious as he might on Italy and Sicily, it is out of deference to Mr. Moore and Mr. Brydone, whoſe elegant works have been ſo univerſally read and admired, that but little can now be ſaid on the ſame ſubject.

The very liberal and diſtinguiſhed patronage with which the Author has been honored, merits his warmeſt acknowledgment; and he has only to add, that it now reſts with the public, either to encourage him to appear before them again, or by their ſilence, to command his.

FINIS.

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